

The SWORD of the LORD

Edited by JOHN R. RICE.

"And they cried, The Sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." Judges 7:20

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An Independent Christian Weekly, Standing for the Verbal Inspiration of the Bible, the Deity of Christ, His Blood Atonement, Salvation by Faith, New Testament Soul Winning and the Premillennial Return of Christ. Opposes Modernism, Worldliness and Formalism.

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Easter

THE LORD IS RISEN, the resurrection morning
Has dawned, and from my troubled heart has fled
The fear of death, and now in place of mourning
Joy, sweetest joy and peace are mine instead.

THE LORD IS RISEN, the reign of sin has ended,
He holds the key of death, and from its sway
My soul is freed, for now in Him ascended
Life, everlasting life is mine to-day.

THE LORD IS RISEN, He Satan's power has broken,
And from the foe, my ransomed soul is free;
THE LORD IS RISEN, and by this wondrous token
I too shall rise His glorious face to see.

—MARION E. C. NETHERTON

The Cross

The cross! Poets have sung its praise; sculptors have attempted to commemorate it in marble; martyrs have clung to it in fire; and Christians, dying quietly in their beds, have leaned their heads against it. May all our souls embrace it with an ecstasy of affection! Lay hold of that cross, O dying sinner! Everything else will fail you. Without a strong grip of that you perish. Put your hand on that, and you are safe, though the world swing from beneath your feet. Oh, that I might engrave on your souls ineffaceably the three crosses, and that if in your waking moments you will not heed, then that in your dream tonight you might see on the hill back of Jerusalem the three spectacles—the right-hand cross, showing unbelief and dying without Christ; the left-hand cross, showing what it is to be pardoned; while the central cross pours upon your soul the sunburst of heaven as it says: "By all these would I plead for thy heart. I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Rivers can not quench it. The floods can not drown it."

—DeWitt Talmage



"Come and see the place where the Lord lay."—Matt. 28:6.

Every circumstance connected with the life of Christ is deeply interesting to the Christian mind. Whenever we behold our Saviour, He is well worthy of our notice.

"His cross, His manger, and His crown,
Are big with glories yet unknown."

All His weary pilgrimage—from Bethlehem's manger to Calvary's cross—is, in our eyes, paved with glory. Each spot upon which He trod is, to our souls, consecrated at once, simply because there the foot of earth's Saviour and our own Redeemer once was placed.

When He comes to Calvary, the interest thickens; then our best thoughts are centered on Him in the agonies of crucifixion, nor does our deep affection permit us to leave Him, even when, the

struggle being over, He yields up the ghost.

His body, when it is taken down from the tree, still is lovely in our eyes—we fondly linger around the motionless clay. By faith we discern Joseph of Arimathea, and the timid Nicodemus, assisted by those holy women, drawing out the nails and taking down the mangled body; we behold them wrapping Him in clean, white linen, hastily girding Him round with belts of spices; then putting Him in His tomb, and departing for the Sabbath rest.

We shall, on this occasion, go where Mary went on the morning of the first day of the week, when waking from her couch before the dawn, she aroused herself to be early at the sepulchre of Jesus. We will try, if it be possible, by the help of God's Spirit, to go as she did: not in body, but in soul: we will stand at that tomb; we will examine it, and we trust we shall hear some truth-speaking voice coming from its hollow bosom which will comfort and instruct us, so that we may say of the grave of Jesus when we go away, "It was none other than the gate of Heaven"—a

sacred place, deeply solemn, and sanctified by the slain body of our precious Saviour.

I. An Invitation Given

I shall commence my remarks this morning by inviting all Christians to come with me to the tomb of Jesus. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay." We will labor to render the place attractive, we will gently take your hand to

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BILLY SUNDAY,
Immortal Evangelist, died in 1935. Read his Tremendous Sermon "Safety First in America"—Starts on page 3, this issue.



Charles H. Spurgeon

The Editor's Notes

By John R. Rice

Please address all correspondence for the editor to Dr. John R. Rice, editor, THE SWORD OF THE LORD, Wheaton, Illinois. I will have many speaking engagements through the spring and summer, but always mail should be addressed to the Wheaton office, where it can be processed and rushed to me accurately, wherever necessary.

Pastors, Bring Ten—Stay Free!

We are happy to hear from Mr. A. J. Philippi, manager of the Lake Louise Conference Grounds and Hotel, Toccoa, Georgia, that pastors may receive their room and board free, if they bring ten other people there for the duration of either one-week conference sponsored by the Sword of the Lord. The first conference is July 4 through 10, a conference on revival and soul winning. The second conference is July 11 through 16, a special conference on practical Christian life. Groups of pastors, evangelists, Christian workers may like the first week best. Young people and lay Christians may like the second week best. Both weeks

will have tremendous programs, heavenly music, the power of God, and life-changing preaching, teaching, and fellowship. This editor, Evangelist Bill Rice, and Evangelist Hugh Pyle, will preach through both weeks. During the first week, we will also have Dr. Lee Roberson, Dr. Monroe Parker, Dr. G. B. Vick, etc.

A pastor who wishes his room and meals free, should send us the names and addresses of his group, along with \$1 per person reservation deposit. Remember that one person should send in all the reservations. The pastor is to have the average of the type of accommodation occupied by his group. If he wants nicer accommodations than the average of his group, he will pay the extra charge.

This rate is available only when the entire group is to be present from approximately Monday noon through Saturday morning.

Pastors, here is a wonderful way to have a group vacation that will bless your whole church. The second week, July 11 to 16, will

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Prize Winner in Second Annual \$1,000 Evangelistic Sermon Contest

Are YOU Going
to HELL?
by Evangelist Ken Chapman

Route 2, Murfreesboro, Tennessee

"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."—Psa. 9:17.

I am a firm believer in the Bible doctrine of a literal Hell. Hell is the abode of the unredeemed, the prison house of the people who have died in sin; it is the madhouse of the universe. The Bible has much to say about Hell; in fact, the New Testament alone has 162 texts which speak of the doom of the sinner, and over 70 of these texts come from the lips of Jesus.

Are you going to Hell? I ask this startling question because I want you to think. You are going somewhere. Your soul will never cease to be. You must determine your eternal destiny. You are the only one who can decide this tremendous issue. Where are you going? What highway in life are you traveling? Where will your way of life lead you? Please read carefully this message and allow the Holy Scriptures it contains to search your soul.

The Bible teaches that:

I. There Is a Hell

We will let God's Word speak for itself.

"For a fire is kindled in mine anger, and shall burn unto the lowest hell."—Deut. 32:22.

"For the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."—Psa. 9:17.

"Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit."—Isa. 14:15.

"Rather fear him which is able

(Continued on page 11)



Evangelist Kenneth Chapman

For Young People . . .

Miracles of Science

By the late Arthur I. Brown, M.D.

Enthralling and Curious Facts of Nature Showing the Miraculous Scientific Evidences of God's Hand in Creation. 39 Wonderful Chapters.

CHAPTER XXIII

More About Whales

We have just begun a series of studies in the Animal Kingdom, and in the preceding talk, we looked first at whales, for no particular reason, except that, as they are the largest forms of animal life now known to exist, they seemed to demand notice.

Whales, porpoises, and dolphins belong to the Order Cetacea; and all are recognizable by the entire absence of hind limbs. Deep within the body wall, however, are found small pieces of bone which seem to have no use, and those who believe in the evolutionary theory are fond of saying—without reason, I think—that these pieces of bone are remnants of hind limbs which were present when these creatures lived on land and were what we call terrestrial animals. We shall not argue the point at this time, although it may be said that here is a reasonable explanation of this phenomenon.

Whales, although so large and powerful, are thought not to live to a great age, which is contrary to the general rule among large mammals. A female member of this tribe will produce young as early as three years—one at a birth.

While showing great differences in size, whales and dolphins have many features in common. The porpoise is only four or five feet in length and weighs about sixty pounds. The Sulphur Bottom whale grows to be 100 or more feet long and weighs many tons.

The head of the whale, although possibly enormous, is relatively light in weight. The brain is large and shows many convolutions, but the senses of smell and hearing seem to be slight. The nostrils are placed at the top of the head to form the well-known "blow-hole" which can be closed by a powerful valve.

Teeth may be huge and numerous, or may be altogether absent. The tail, flattened into two horizontal paddles or "flukes" of fat and muscle, provides most of the motive power, propelling the animal with an "up and down" motion as opposed to the "side to side" motion seen in all fishes.

The Whalebone whales comprise the Right whales and the Grey whales. Both show what was described in the last broadcast, the baleen which consists of long strands of horny substance hanging down for a distance of several



This seal is easily tamed and becomes strongly attached to its human friends.

feet, forming a curtain-like sieve, which strains off the sea water and separates the small forms of life by the thousands, on which the whale lives.

The Sulphur Bottom is a giant among giants, and attains the length of 100 feet or more—the largest mammal now living. An adult African elephant, eleven feet high at the shoulder, could stand quite comfortably inside it. Most whales are fond of company and so travel in herds, as do the miniature species in what are called "schools."

Many of them show great speed and activity, especially the Humpback whale which, in spite of great length and immense weight, indulges in a grotesque courtship, leaping high out of the water like a tarpon or salmon, apparently just showing off before its spouse.

The Cachalot or Sperm whale is of particular interest. It usually inhabits the warmer parts of the ocean and travels from one part of the globe to the other. Whales

caught in the Atlantic Ocean have been found with spears of South Pacific islanders embedded in their flesh. Some of these animals have a circumference of thirty to forty feet, and when they were more common than now, doubtless many exceeded these dimensions.

The distinguishing feature of the Cachalot is its enormous and curiously formed head, in the upper portion of which is a great cavity, containing a transparent liquid, a mixture of oil and spermaceti. When purified and hardened it is used as a medicinal ointment, and for the manufacture of candles. A whale sixty feet long may yield about twenty-five barrels of spermaceti and 100 barrels of oil.

There is found, in addition, a still more valuable substance, ambergris, which is a fatty concretion of the bile ducts. It exists in small quantity in the intestines of the whale, but is usually found floating in the sea, where it has been ejected in large masses, sometimes a hundred pounds in weight. Refined ambergris is an expensive drug, and is used in making costly perfumery.

The Sperm whale has no baleen plates for straining out food; but its lower jaw is furnished with forty to fifty immense conical teeth, which fit into grooves or sockets in the untoothed upper jaw. These teeth are nine inches long and one of them will weigh about three pounds. This whale feeds on squids or cuttle fishes, and the teeth are exactly adapted to hold its slippery prey which are soon forced down the ample throat.

There are some other mammals which breathe air and yet are specially adapted for life in the water. We ought not to overlook the seals and the sea lions. Seals are divided into three families: First, the Earless or True Seals; second, the Eared Seals, and third, the Walrus. They have long, fish-like bodies, with fore and hind limbs modified into paddles. We have all noticed the extremely clumsy movements of the seal on land. It shuffles along on its forefeet, dragging its hind feet. But the spine is very flexible and so the body is urged forward by a series of awkward jerks and twistings of the spinal column. This spine, with its attached muscles, is the Seal's chief motor power in swimming, so that in the water it is as rapid and graceful as it is ungainly on land. They live, of course, mainly on fish so can exist only by proving swifter than their prey.

All seals have hairy coats, rendered waterproof by a fatty secretion from the skin. Usually, a thick layer of fat beneath the skin protects them from the cold. Most of them prefer the cold waters of the northern latitudes.

There are about eighteen species of Earless Seals, all frequenting the temperate and colder waters; all of them without external ears. They can remain under water for a long time—from five to fifteen minutes. At every breath the nostrils open wide and close again by means of a constricting muscle, called a sphincter; thus when the creature is submerged no water can pass into the lungs.

They assemble in small herds. Each Seal consumes about seven pounds of fish per day. This Seal is easily tamed and becomes strongly attached to its human friends. The Greenland Seals assemble in immense herds, and of these, the annual catch is very heavy.

The matrimonial alliances of the Elephant Seals, the largest of the family, are conducted on the principle that the strongest males take the best females, the weaker males taking those females that are left, if any. During the season of courtship, the males fight desperately, inflicting fearful wounds with their tusk-like teeth, with which they can crack stones as if they were nutshells. Each victorious combatant selects a considerable number of wives over whom he rules with despotic sway. He is very careful of their safety and will defend them with his life, if necessary.

The Sea Lion is simply a huge hair Seal, ten feet long, eight or ten feet in circumference, and weighing as much as 1,200 pounds. They are very noisy, keeping up a constant uproar, the old animals

LONDON'S CRUSADE—
THE RISING TIDEHarringay Filled Every Night
Nearly 4,000 Inquirers: Churches Report Blessing

By Dr. C. T. Cook
As published in "The Christian," London, England

The Greater London Crusade, now well into its third week as we write, is going from strength to strength. Not only is the attendance being maintained, but the tide of spiritual blessing is rising steadily and many churches are already aware of the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit. Last Sunday, for example, a well-known minister in London found himself facing the largest Sunday evening congregation he had seen for many years, and the service was conducted by himself, not a member of the team. Other churches, we have reason to know, are having similar experiences, in varying degrees.

What is the Secret?

It is evident that writers in the popular Press are at a loss to account for the continued public interest in the Crusade, as evidenced by the fact that the Harringay Arena has been filled to capacity every night, and that the aggregate attendances for the three meetings on Saturday last were again in the region of 26,000, and also in the number of inquirers, which to date is in the region of 4,000. Reporters have even asked Dr. Graham what "magnetism" he employs, or if he would explain his psychological method of approach! The one thing such writers appear quite unable to grasp is that the wave of blessing is due not to human ingenuity or perfection of organization, but to the working of the Spirit of God through the faith and prayers of a multitude of Christian sympathisers the world over.

An instance of the prayer interest was mentioned by Dr. Graham one evening. He had received a cordial message, he said, from the Governor of one of the largest States in the Union. This Governor had called some of his colleagues and officials to a special prayer meeting on behalf of the Crusade, and there was a possibility that he would visit London to see for himself what God is doing.

Last Friday, as announced in our previous issue, another night of prayer was held in three centres from 10:30 p.m. to 6:00 a.m. At each place, Spurgeon's Tabernacle, St. Paul's Church, Portmansquare,

bellowing like bulls, and the younger ones bleating like sheep.

The Walrus or Sea Horse is a monster of the deep in a class all its own. It has a strange head with projecting muzzle bristling with long wiry hairs, and a couple of enormous canine teeth that project from the upper jaw. These tusks grow until they are two feet long and weigh from four to nine pounds. They are useful for raking up molluscs out of the mud and form excellent grappling hooks to climb out of the water on to the ice.

The Walrus is a valuable animal, its skin, teeth and oil being in demand. It is practically confined to the Arctic regions where, when they were more numerous than now, hunters have obtained as much as 30,000 pounds of ivory in a single year. It has been calculated that in ten years more than 100,000 of them have been destroyed to furnish two million gallons of oil and 400,000 pounds of ivory.

Here again is the infinite wisdom of God. He brought the waters into being, designing this fluid for the home of various sorts of animals and fishes and then proceeded to prepare the creatures for the waters. We have been impressed again and again with the infinite variety of the Creator's plans. Whenever a special organ is needed, it is always forthcoming. No matter how difficult the en-



Dr. Billy Graham

and St. Mary Magdalene's, Holloway, the buildings were filled and prayer sustained throughout. Members of the team took part in the proceedings.

Extending the Crusade

In the opinion of Dr. Graham and the Executive Committee the time has now arrived when steps should be taken to extend the Crusade. People are crowding to Harringay from all quarters, and reserved accommodation has been booked well ahead. It is realised, however, that many people cannot get to Harringay, although they could attend meetings nearer their own homes. It is hoped, therefore, that a second Crusade centre will become available shortly south of the Thames. An announcement to this effect may be made within a few days.

Meeting University Students

On Thursday, Dr. Graham had most useful contacts with students at University College and, a little later, at the London School of Economics. The meetings were arranged by Christian groups in co-operation with Rev. Frank Colquhoun.

Dr. Graham was not only given a respectful hearing as he spoke (Continued on page 9)

vironment, the animals which have been placed there find themselves in possession of the precise faculties, instincts, and organs which enable them to survive.

Man has been allotted the surface of the earth for his home. We are surrounded with all sorts of strange and often menacing conditions. The greatest of these dangers is an invisible personal Devil operating against humanity. He has challenged God for world-control and is ambitious for power and for worship. In the unseen realms there is going on a tremendous conflict which rages around men and women, few of whom are conscious of the ceaseless struggle between two mighty Powers.

God has told us the story in His Book, and has repeatedly given us warnings, offering us a sure way of escape from the Devil's attack. Sad to say, this divine warning is largely ignored, but there are some who listen and obey. They will escape the judgment of those who do not come into line with God's demands.

Where are you—and you—and you? As one of God's ambassadors, I have been commissioned to give you this message, and to extend to you this urgent invitation to link up with Jesus Christ. What is your answer?

(This book is now out of print, and the Sword of the Lord Publishers' supply is exhausted. We are sorry that no more orders for it can be filled.)



AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING REVIVAL WEEKLY

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SAFETY FIRST IN AMERICA

How Every American Must be Weighed in God's Scales Judged by God's Ten Commandments For His Sins

By the Late Billy Sunday, Evangelist,
as preached at Richmond, Indiana, 1922

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."—Dan. 5:27.

I think it was Dr. Talmage who said that Bible pictures are a good deal like the works of the old masters. They improve with age. daVinci's "Last Supper" and Raphael's "Madonna" are worth more today than when they were spread on canvas.

Night was about to come upon the famous city of Babylon and the shadows of her two hundred towers. The River Euphrates rolled on, touched by the fiery splendor of the setting sun. The gates of brass opened and closed like doors of flame. The hanging gardens were wet and heavy with dew, then there began to pour from starlit flowers a fragrance that spread for miles around.

The streets in the square were alight for dance, for promenade and for frolic. The theatres and the galleries of amusement invited the wealth and pomp and the grandeur of the day.

Scenes of Moral Riot

Scenes of moral riot, godless mirth and outrageous excess for every indulgence ensued, for they had come to the palace that night to do their mightiest deeds of violence. A royal feast had been proclaimed by the king, and rushing up to the gates were chariots, upholstered in precious cloth and drawn by fiery-eyed steeds, held and driven by strong-armed charioteers. The lords and ladies dismounted. Women were gowned in all the splendor and grandeur of that Syrian age. They opened wide the gates and the guests came in; the cupbearers were all ready.

Hark, I hear the call of music! I hear the rustle of silks. Their jewels are all ablaze, and lifted up with banners. Cups are filled with wine; they clap their cymbals and let night pass with song. Let palsied be that Babylonian tongue that does not shout, "Oh, live forever, Belshazzar!"

My friends, that was no common lager-beer, pretzel, wienerwurst blowout; that was a bunch of high rollers at that feast.

The signal was given. Ladies and lords and the mighty men and women swarmed around the banquet table. They poured the wine. They let it foam and bubble and kiss the rim; they hoist every man his cup and drink to the toast, "O Belshazzar, live forever!"

Again, and still again they drain them dry. Away with this care; tear royal dignity to shreds. Pour out more booze and give more light; step on her and open her wide!

Wilder the music. Then come the obscene songs, and the drunken hiccup, and the slaving lip, and the guffaw, and the idiotic laugh bursting from lips of princesses and kings who reel and stagger with bloodshot eyes.

Somebody has said, "If you love drama, read the Bible, for it is the most dramatic Book ever written." It is striking in its situation and startling and furious; graphic in its delineation of character.

Belshazzar was not supreme in rulership of the kingdom at this time. He was associated with his father. While his father was away on a military expedition, the army of the Medes and Persians came up and surrounded the city, shouting his father out; and Belshazzar was the only pebble on the beach at this time. Belshazzar was supreme in command.

There was a time when a higher critic sneeringly said that the character of Daniel was mythical; yet they have brought tablets of stone written in Daniel's day telling of him. From that day to this, I haven't heard one of them peep and sneer and say that Daniel was not a real, historic character.

Belshazzar Puffed up

Belshazzar was puffed up over his newly-begotten power, and he

proclaimed a feast in the palace. There were seats for a thousand ladies and lords at the banquet table. A strange conceit seems to have entered Belshazzar's head, and he calls for his chief and whispers in his ear. He leaves the banquet hall and pretty soon they re-enter, carrying in their arms the vessels of gold and silver that his grandfather, Nebuchadnezzar, had. These vessels were used in the worship of God, and in order to show his hatred for God, Belshazzar orders them filled with Babylonian wine and passed around.

The hilarity grows more and more boisterous. Faster and faster the feet of the lewd and nude dancing women as they wriggle and worm their bodies up and down the halls between the tables. Suddenly a hush like death falls over the licentious, drunken crew, and they gaze in silence upon the frieze of the banquet hall, because the hand of the Lord has written there, and terror has seized them. I read in the Bible that Belshazzar's countenance was changed, his thought troubled him, the joints of his loins and his knees smote one against the other; and old Belshazzar was about all in.

By and by he sort of pulls himself together, because he doesn't want to show the white feather to that crowd. So, he calls for the soothsayers, or the astrologists, or the old spiritualists, particular mediums. Enter the Magi—no doubt of their ability to decipher the strange hieroglyphics written upon the banquet hall and further enrich themselves through the emoluments of their treachery and deceit. But they had never seen writing like that and they couldn't read it. Terror seized that drunken crowd again and Belshazzar sent for his mother, the queen.

Oh, there is many a young fellow who has no use for the preacher, has no use for the advice of his father or his mother, but who is going down the line hitting it up with that God-forsaken gang of thugs! He waits until he becomes a drunkard, then he begins to realize that he was the fool.

There is many a little fool sissy who will not listen to the advice of good friends. She will go on with that, then she begins to realize, when she is on the way to become the mother of an illegitimate child, that she was the fool, not the one who warned her to flee from that companionship.

So, the mother came in and said to him, "O King, live forever. Let not your thoughts worry and trouble you. There is a young man in your kingdom of Hebrew extraction. He is a Jew, and in him dwells the spirit of the gods. He can read those strange hieroglyphics for you."

Sent for Daniel

So on his mother's request, Belshazzar sent for Daniel.

I can imagine that when he saw Daniel enter the room he said, "How are you, old top? I am in an awful hole. Do you see that writing up there on the wall? It's got my goat. I've got a bunch of fourflushers, and I have been a fool to buy their meal tickets for all these years. They can't help me out of this. They are nothing but a bunch of false alarms, excess baggage. I'll tell you what I will do; if you will tell me what that is up there, I will put a gold ring on your finger and a chain around your neck and you can ride in the chariot behind me."

Daniel spurns his proffered gifts. He said, "Have you forgotten how, when your grandfather, Nebuchadnezzar, walked out and shoved his chest and blew rings above his head from a twenty-five cent cigar, God Almighty kicked him down,—he fell on his hands and



Billy Sunday

knees and crawled there for seven years? He ate grass like a cow. The frosts and the rain beat upon his body. His body was covered with hair." Daniel read the strange writing, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin."

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Your kingdom is divided and given to another: This is your finish. The clock has begun to strike twelve. Sir, this is your windup!"

He called for the royal robe, for he wanted to make good his promise. He put it around Daniel, put the ring on his finger and the chain around his neck, then the hilarity increased.

Hark, I hear the tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, of the feet of soldiers! What has happened? While old Belshazzar and his band were hittin' it up, Cyrus and his army came up. The city of Babylon was built with the Euphrates river running through the middle of it; around the city was a wall. Cyrus came up with his army and besieged the city.

He dug a great ditch down in the reservoir from which they used to get their drinking water. He separated his army. He put half where the water came up and the other half at the exit. They broke this ditch and turned the river out of its channel, off yonder into that reservoir. As soon as the water became narrow enough they started to walk under the wall, and they knelt in the bed of the river.

Isaiah prophesied 140 years before the event that three of these gates would be left open, and that night in their drunken revelry, Belshazzar forgot to have those gates shut up, and they rushed through them, rushed into the banquetting house; and blood flowed instead of wine. That night, the night of his licentiousness, was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

Daniel said, "You are weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

Whose balances? God's! Not mine or yours. Not your own estimation of yourself, not public opinion. You may be a great man so far as public opinion is concerned, while you may be a mutt so far as God Almighty is concerned.

Man may applaud you, and God turn His back on you. God doesn't pay the same deference to men that the world does. Therefore, every man and woman is going to be weighed in God's balances, not public opinion. Public opinion is not competent to judge.

You assault any old and long-trenched evil and you must prepare to have yourself become the object of the venom of the gang or the clique who feel and fatten upon that.

You assault anything that is cursing this old world, and people will be after you.

Dr. Jenner said that ninety-eight people out of a hundred used to die from smallpox. I would rather have smallpox than typhoid fever or pneumonia. You give smallpox another name and it won't bother you. Dr. Jenner said, "I can vaccinate people." He reduced the mortality so that now only four out of one hundred die. Yet they expelled him from society. Who was right? Public opinion that condemned him, or Dr. Jenner?

Bacon could look down and see laws that would take the place of laws that were then operating.

He had to spend ten years in prison. Who was right? Bacon was.

Galileo said, "The world moves." On his knees he was compelled to retract his statement, and as he arose he said, "It moves notwithstanding." Who was right, Galileo, or public opinion that condemned him?

Christopher Columbus said, "I can sail west and get east." They said, "You are nuts; you are dippy," and if Ferdinand and Isabella hadn't hocked their jewels to get money enough to send him, this land probably wouldn't have been found yet. But who was right, old Columbus, or public opinion that condemned him?

Some people set great store by their morality, their culture and their refinement. Well, if you only knew how little these weigh before God! They don't bring you salvation.

Somebody says, "Can we tell? Do we know what God requires as a standard of righteousness? Surely we can! I am going to take the Ten Commandments, the moral law, as the basis of what I have to say. I believe that God Almighty wrote the Ten Commandments on tablets of stone and handed the stones to Moses. I don't believe that Moses wrote them."

There is no good citizenship where the Ten Commandments are not kept; no political movements, no social reforms abide that are not modeled on the Ten Commandments. I take my stand on the Ten Commandments, and when this old world is burned up I will have a foundation as enduring as God Almighty Himself, for I believe God wrote them on ten tablets of stone. Any man who doesn't live in harmony with the Ten Commandments deserves to be in the penitentiary.

I. and II. "Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before Me. Thou Shalt Not Make Unto Thee Any Graven Image . . . Thou Shalt Not Bow Down Thyself to Them, Nor Serve Them . . ."

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me." A man's god is the thing that he thinks more of than he does of God. It may be money. Money is the god of many. Many a fellow sacrifices his conscience, his morality, his virtue and his obedience to God for money. Money is as truly a god for some people as if they prayed to ten-dollar gold pieces.

Oh, we are making money in America by bucketfuls, but we are going to Hell in car-lots, on excursion rates! Oh, the magic of money! Oh, the rush for money! Oh, the hoarding of money! Oh, the jealousy for money! Oh, the lying for money! Oh, the contentions after money! Oh, the oppressions for money! Oh, the murder for money! The adultery for money! The gambling for money! Selfishness for money! Oh, the loneliness of the man who has lost all but his money! Oh, the loneliness of the man who has nothing but money! The fellow who has no money is poor; the fellow who has nothing but money is poorer still.

A preacher friend of mine had a friend who had been poor in his youth. He worked hard, listened to the jingle of money, resolved to have more, entered the insatiable scramble for wealth. He became rich; he cut on God; he cut on his family comforts; cut on the Sabbath for rest; he worked seven days.

He broke down with the dew of youth yet on his brow. He became uneasy about his money. He was afraid of his bank—wouldn't trust it. He was afraid of his boys and his wife, and his pastor, so he kept his money in a big oaken chest. He grew sick. He was suspicious of everybody but the doctor.

The doctor came to see him one day, and he handed him a key and said, "Doctor, take the key, open my chest, and pile up everything that is in there. Go get my double-barreled gun."

His purple-lipped jaw fell. This man of means, this coiner of cash, this musician of the mint, this master of mists and this misfit of the money mill, this rasping, grasping, skin-flint of a miser raised his shotgun and said to the doctor, "You leave this room."

The doctor said, "Don't shoot. I don't want your money or stocks and bonds. Hold on, Jim; don't shoot, don't shoot!"

The doctor took his watch in his hand, backed out of the door and closed it. He stood there holding his watch in his hand. In fifteen minutes he walked back in the room. There the man sat, with his gold and stocks and bonds piled around him, his double-barreled shotgun in his hand, and he was gone. He hadn't taken one blank check with him to check back on his earthly account.

It is a good thing to have money and the things that money will buy; but it is a good thing to sit down once in a while and check up, take an inventory and be dead sure you have not lost the things that money can't buy. Check up on it!

So, money is the god of some folks. With some people it is society. They do nice things because society demands it; and if they didn't they would lose their social caste and position. Society is your god and you have to do it. If you don't believe it, you just try it, my friends, and see what will happen. You go contrary to social usages and see how quickly you will be ostracized.

Some of you men tonight, if you died, they wouldn't need to preach your funeral sermon. Just put a whiskey bottle on your coffin. Oh, that is the story of your life! Booze has been your god.

There are other men, if you died they wouldn't need to preach a funeral sermon. Get your stocks and bonds and pile them on your

(Continued on page 9)

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At Your Book Store

Sword of the Lord Publishers
Wheaton, Illinois

Sandberg -- Rice Wedding

By Editor John R. Rice

"And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there: And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage."—John 2:1, 2.



Mr. and Mrs. Don Sandberg

Saturday night, March 27, at eight p.m. at the Wheaton Bible Church, Miss Jessie Ruth Rice, fourth daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John R. Rice, was married to Mr. Don Sandberg of Moline, Illinois. The wedding was the happy culmination of a Wheaton College romance, continued as Mr. Sandberg took a year in Trinity Theological Seminary, Chicago, and later as both worked for the Sword of the Lord.

There are many happy things about the marriage of truly Christian young people when marriage is entered into reverently, in the fear of God, and under His blessing. While there is some sadness, naturally, when a much-loved daughter leaves home as a bride, there is also much joy in the hearts of parents.

Hundreds attended the wedding and the wedding reception. Many lovely gifts were sent by friends. They were beautiful gifts—gifts from the president and dean of women and other faculty members at Wheaton College; gifts from classmates and friends; gifts from associates at the Sword of the Lord; gifts from many states. There came a beautiful Egyptian shawl from Florida, and remembrances from prominent Christian workers and friends in several states. The gifts included enough linen, china, silver, glassware, and kitchenware to set up a commodious home! There were mixers, a pressure cooker, an electric iron, deep fryer, corn popper, four lamps, electric percolator, toaster, electric waffle iron. There were blankets, bed spreads, table covers, dish towels, a beautiful picture, "Christ on the Road to Emmaus." Friends from Texas shipped in by air a big box of Texas bluebonnets which especially warmed the hearts of all of us from Texas. (The bluebonnet is the Texas state flower.) They decorated the table at the rehearsal dinner given at Wheaton College Student Center, and other ceremonies.

Jessie Ruth is our fourth daughter, twenty-five years old. She is a graduate of Wheaton College Academy and of Wheaton College. She did fine work in Wheaton College, was elected vice-president of the Student Council, the highest honor a girl can have from the student body. She did special work in art in Wheaton College, and then took graduate work with the Chicago Art Institute. For some

time she has been head of the art department for the Sword of the Lord, and is greatly loved among the workers here.

In college she sang in the famous Chapel Choir, was active in literary society. She was a member of the Wheaton Bible Church choir, conducted the "Livewire" organization for young Christians on Sunday afternoons. A great crowd of the "Livewires" were present at the wedding and the reception. Jessie is a consecrated Christian, a soul-winning Christian, and her many, many friends were gained without setting foot in a picture show, or on a dance floor, or smoking a cigarette. Her hair is long, uncut from childhood.

Don Sandberg is twenty-eight, a graduate of Wheaton College, with one year at Trinity Theological Seminary in Chicago. He is now director of music and Christian education at the First Southern Baptist Church, Winfield, Kansas. However, he worked for one year in the Sword of the Lord office, and he and Jessie plan to return here, we believe, May 1. Don is an especially fine pianist, a strong, versatile and happy leader of young people. Don and Jessie are to help, God willing, in directing the music in Sword of the Lord Conferences at Lake Louise, July 4 to 18, two weeks, and at other engagements with the editor, along with office work.

Don was president of the Wheaton Chapel Choir. He is clean, spiritually-minded, has a host of friends.

His three splendid brothers and their families live in Moline, Illinois. The Sandberg families took active part in the wedding festivities, and endeared themselves to all.

The younger two of our six daughters are still at home, and we are grateful to God to have them with us still. But we can thank God that the four girls who are married all married devoted Christian men, are all of them in full-time Christian service. And Mrs. Rice and I can thank God that we have proven, for the whole world to see, that it pays to raise children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Thank God, all the strict rules about being in on time at night, about carefully supervised dates, and chaperonage, the strict rules about no attendance at questionable places of amusement, the strict in-

Many Outstanding Happenings During Rosell Campaign in San Diego

"Last night I had my first restful sleep in eight years," a middle-aged mother told one of the ministers at the close of the San Diego United Church Crusade. Asked why, this mother told how in answer to special prayer made by scores attending the nightly crusade "Hour of Power" prayer meetings, she had received her first letter in eight years from her son in San Francisco, telling of his conversion.

Many similar specific answers to prayer were the outstanding features of the 16-day series with EVANGELIST MERV ROSELL and his musical artists in San Diego February 20 through March 7. Scores of ministers united for the Crusade which attracted large crowds to the auditorium. Rev. Frank Poole, San Diego minister, was chairman, with Rev. Norman Cummings, San Diego Youth for Christ leader, the Crusade director.

Assisting Evangelist Rosell was Bill Retts, Long Beach, Calif., song leader; Bill Carle, former opera singer; Kurt Kaiser, pianist; Frank Psaute, organist; and Cy Jackson, coordinator.

Prayer interest mounted daily as news of answers to prayers of hundreds of persons was announced. An all-night prayer session attracted a large gathering mid-way through the Crusade.

Also on the daily agenda of the Crusade staff were appearances at high schools, luncheon clubs, Ream Field, the Navy Helicopter Base, the State College and the CBMC Service Men's Center. Several TV appearances were made by Rosell and the team.

Rosell opened a crusade in Houston, Texas, on March 21. The Quad-City three week series begins April 25 in Moline, Illinois, with several cities uniting for the meetings.

God continues to bless the evangelistic efforts of EVANGELIST DOUGLAS WINN, (911 Myrtle Rd., Martinsville, Va.) in a remarkable way. He recently closed a campaign at Third Street Baptist Church, Cordele, Georgia, where he saw eighty-seven walk the aisles for salvation. The pastor, Rev. Peter Boyks, reported it to be one of the greatest campaigns in the history of the church. The wife of a prominent Jewish salesman, deeply convicted after listening to the evangelist on a radio, telephoned him to come and explain the way of salvation to her. She then accepted Christ as her Messiah. A nine-year-old boy was converted. Go-

sistence upon obedience, the maintaining of family worship every day, at any cost—thank God, we know it pays to use old-fashioned Bible discipline and hold to old-fashioned Bible standards in rearing children. All of our six daughters were won to Christ by the time they were six years old. All learned Scriptures in the home, learned to read the Bible and pray and sing, and be regular attendants at the house of God. They learned to keep the best company.

And I testify that the Scripture is true: "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (Prov. 22:6).

I do not hide it that there is a sigh in my heart. A big family is so blessed, and it looks pretty small if only four of us sit down to the table together. But we can feel that the investment has been made, and we have rich joy in our hearts at the blessing God has given us in these daughters. Now may He use them all for His glory.

God bless you, "Sandy" and Jessie, Mr. and Mrs. Don Sandberg, as you serve God together. And may your home be as carefully watched-over of God and as greatly blessed as was our own!



REPORTS FROM AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING SOUL WINNERS

By the Editor

ing home on the church bus he said, "I have been saved and would like to talk to Jesus if you will stop the bus." So tenderly did he pour out his heart in gratitude to God that most of the eighty passengers were in tears. Four accepted Christ at a Youth for Christ rally in Wilmington, North Carolina.

When Mr. Winn wrote, he was in a campaign at Toccoa, Georgia. God bless this good evangelist who sends in hundreds of subscriptions, and gives liberally to the Missionary and Minister Subscription Gift Fund.

The Greater Greenville Evangelistic Campaign, conducted by DR. MONROE PARKER, evangelist, (213 Bradley Blvd., Greenville, S. C.) and Herb Hoover, song leader, closed March 14 in great victory. George H. Dooms of the publicity committee reports hundreds of first-time decisions and rededications. More than thirty-five churches cooperated in the effort, and it is reported that the pastors were more than pleased with the high spiritual tone of the entire campaign, and the evangelistic team was commended for their splendid work.

Thousands of people were reached with the Gospel in the tabernacle and other thousands by radio and television. Among the many converts of the campaign were a prominent physician, a chemist, and other outstanding people in the community.

A letter from EVANGELIST DAN VESTAL, Box 6214, Seminary Hill, Fort Worth, Texas, says: "We have just conducted revivals in the states of Missouri, Oklahoma, and Texas. The total results were as follows: 101 conversions, 6 surrendering to special service, 46 by letter, and 160 true rededications."

EVANGELIST F. A. WIRTH reports on a meeting closing March 14 at Maxey Methodist chapel, Knoxville, Illinois. Rev. H. R. Brinkman, pastor. During the 12 days of revival, twenty-five were saved, seventeen joined the church, and there were other rededications.

—establishing family altars, tithing, etc. This good evangelist's address is Box 93, Petersburg, Illinois.

EVANGELIST HOMER BRITTON, 500 Portview Avenue, Chattanooga, Tennessee, was in Aniston, Alabama, the last of February, with Moore Avenue Baptist Church. A fine report is sent to this column from the pastor, who reports that every night that an invitation was given, people responded. He says that during the eleven days there were 44 decisions, most of them first-time decisions for Christ. "This meeting was far beyond anything we had thought, and we are praising the Lord for His wonderful blessings under Brother Britton, whose messages were soul-stirring, and heart-convicting," he writes.

EVANGELIST HARRY O. ANDERSON was in a meeting March 7-14 with Rev. Norvall Pickett and the First Baptist Church of Lancaster, California. There were eight transfers of membership to the church.

Phil Saint Campaign in Trinidad Results in 600 Decisions

A large percentage of Hindus (Continued on page 7)

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Bread from Bellevue Oven

By Dr. Robert G. Lee. Eight sermons by the famous orator, three-time president of the Southern Baptist Convention, and pastor of the Bellevue Baptist Church, Memphis, Tenn. These sermons are remarkable for their clear outlines, their scintillating language, their profuse and wonderfully suitable illustrations. ----- \$2.00

Some Dogs I Have Known

By Dr. R. P. (Fighting Bob) Shuler. A memorial volume of Dr. Shuler's fifty years in the ministry. Has six sermons of his, one each by his father and his three preacher sons. Eight pages of pictures. Dr. Jack Shuler's prize winning sermon, "History's Horror Picture," in Sword \$1,000 sermon contest included. Full of Scripture, old-time standards of morality, and inspiring, you'll find this is a tremendous, challenging book of sermons to help you grow inches in your spiritual life! 142 pages, intriguing jacket. ----- \$2.00



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Wheaton, Illinois

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"...the word of the Lord... Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."—Zech. 4:6

By Dr. D. A. (Scotchie) McCall
Minister of Revival Promotion,
Sword of the Lord Foundation

I.

Down South

While I am down South as in the next several days, persons in that section needing to do so may contact me immediately through my sister, Miss Geraldine McCall, 4115 Seminole Avenue, Jackson, Mississippi. A number of you have suggested you wanted to contact me while I am in that section.

II.

An Opportunity

Churches in the vicinity of Wheaton have real opportunity in hearing Dr. Rice. Some are claiming this blessing. He runs out for a service at night and returns home for office work the next day. Try this plan. Use him in Bible study, preaching, revival, etc. It will be a real blessing to you and your people.

III.

Ed Nelson, a Leader

Brother Ed Nelson has been a help and blessing in each of four trips I have made out West during the last several months. He is pastor of a young and fast-growing church named Hoffman Heights, Denver, Colorado. I preached there on the recent trip, as on other trips. The congregation is spiritual and expectant. Many of them read THE SWORD. Mrs. Nelson is a Mississippian and a fine helper in the work. Doxology!

IV.

SWORD Readers

Calvary, Lakeland, Florida, has a large percentage of members reading THE SWORD.

Galeton, Colorado, had a majority of members subscribing to THE SWORD.

Hoffman Heights goes strong on THE SWORD. It is located at Denver.

The majority of the congregation filling the house at Broken Bow, Nebraska, were readers of THE SWORD.

V.

Voice of the Churches Weak

Undoubtedly one failing of the church has been that it has lost God's message against oppression.

A few of the many messages from God's Book are these: Exodus 22:21, Leviticus 25:14, Deuteronomy 24:14, Proverbs 22:22, Jeremiah 30:20, Zechariah 7:10, and the New Testament carries its admonition as well. Read I Thessalonians 4:6, and James 2:6.

The Bible has more of this under other terms as usury, defraud, justice, righteousness, etc.

Sometimes we preach more and more on what the Bible has less and less to say about, and less and less on what the Bible has to say more and more about!

In my first pastorate I heard that great preacher, Dr. L. R. Scarborough, sound out God's message on, "And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul..." (Isa. 58:10. Read all the chapter; it is a great one.) Never have I forgotten it! God here pictures the religion men choose, and then the way He chooses! (also, Isaiah 56).

A man lies to get money he does not deserve from a company. A company adjuster "mourns" with a family through the funeral of a man killed because a requisition was not filled. A "pittance" is bestowed on a widow and three children. The adjuster with his "sympathy" is seen no more. A hospital refuses a dying man entrance because he has no funds. What would Jesus do? What says the Word of God? Insurance companies with "mailed fists" at times

call for blood money in settlements. An accident occurs, witnesses step up offering to "testify for your side"—for financial gain.

Whatever it is, whoever it is, wherever it is, God is displeased over such things. God will finally settle in such matters!

"...what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah 6:8; Deut. 10:12).

The voice of God's minister should be heard here! The voice of the churches should be strong! God will bless, and more people will have respect for them!

VI.

Have You Started Checking?

We are now on the last payment for our permanent building site. You helped us make payments on our intermediate building that has served a useful purpose. You helped with the down payments on the permanent building site. NOW

for our biggest PUSH yet as we drive toward the \$44,000 payment August 1. You will continue to help in this, of course, with some of the Lord's money.

Mr. Walt Handford has figured the property cost at \$2.50 per square foot. Why not fix yourself a chart or graph and check off squares @ \$2.50 each as you give it?

Many of you will want to continue using the lovely calendar envelopes. These come in week by week. Why not join up in this work of love?

VII.

"Give Us This Day"—Matt. 6:11

Pray that God will bless Dr. Rice, me, and all of the Sword Staff of Evangelists next week in these services:

APRIL 23

Dr. John R. Rice
Haven of Rest Mission
Akron, Ohio
(6:00 p.m. banquet).

APRIL 20-MAY 2

Evangelist Lloyd Bardowell
First Baptist Church
Depew, Oklahoma.

APRIL 13-25

Evangelist Joe B. Rice
Wisconsin Baptist Conference
Bayfield, Wisconsin.

APRIL 18-MAY 2

Evangelist James Threlfall
Berean Fundamental Church
Ogallala, Nebraska.

APRIL 20-MAY 2

Evangelist Eddie Wagner
Mont Clair Baptist Church
Chicago, Illinois.

APRIL 20-MAY 2

Evangelist J. Oscar Wells
Buffalo Junction, Virginia.

APRIL 18-25

Dr. D. A. McCall
Citronelle, Alabama.

The Editor's Notes

(Continued from page 1)

be an ideal week to get a great crowd of young Christians from the church together and have a life-transforming experience. Don't forget to make plans now, and write Mr. A. J. Philippi, manager Lake Louise Hotel, Toccoa, Georgia. And send \$1 per person for reservation fees.

For detailed information about these two great Sword of the Lord Conferences at Lake Louise, write for illustrated twelve-page folder with complete program, expenses, speakers, music, etc. Many pictures. For this folder, address the Sword of the Lord, Wheaton, Illinois. Ask for information about Sword conferences at Lake Louise.

Make sure of one thing—these are no ordinary Bible conferences. There will be the mighty stirrings of revival. I do not know where else you could go to learn from such greatly-used, powerful and practical soul winners, how to do the job for Jesus.

An Appeal to Spiritual, Scholarly Preachers

We are specially concerned that the Sword of the Lord \$1,600 contest for "Sermons on Vital Public Issues," which closes June 1, have the help of the more scholarly, better-trained, and more greatly-used preachers.

We are offering \$1,600 in cash prizes for sermons on subjects in the following classes:

1. Socialism—communism versus the Bible.
2. Worldliness—movies, dance, tobacco, lodges, alcoholic drink, etc.
3. Science and the Bible—apologetics. Sermons dealing with the scientific accuracy, historical accuracy, prophetic fulfillment of the Bible, or related subjects.
4. Catholicism, cults and heresies.
5. Modernism—sermons dealing with the denial of the virgin birth, the deity of Christ, verbal inspiration of the Bible, the blood atonement, etc.

This contest is open to Bible-believing preachers anywhere, of any educational attainments. And some of these prizes will be won, no doubt, by men who have only had Bible institute training, with no college and no seminary. But what we want to emphasize is that this will take real study; hard work, to prepare messages that will be scriptural and factual and

compelling, messages that will change lives, messages that will appeal to people of the finest training. I know that the Bible has the answer in all these questions. With hard work, with assembling of Scriptures, with assembling of facts, with searching of other books on the question, by finding some personal illustrations, preachers can preach the Word of God in power to change lives and set people right on any of these subjects. So we earnestly request that godly preachers who have had better opportunities to prepare on some of these matters will specially give time to write sermons and enter the contest.

The strongest preachers and Bible teachers in America could well afford to write a sermon for the first prize of \$250, or for either one of the four other first prizes of \$150 each. Or even if a preacher were one of five to get the second prize of \$100 each, it would be worth his time to do a good deal of hard work and study and writing and correcting. And five third-prize sermons will receive \$50 each also.

Now we do not appeal primarily to the desire for money. That is only a small token of honest pay for honest work, and encouragement to do right. But we appeal primarily because of the great opportunity to do good, the setting of patterns in preaching among Bible-believing men of God. You spiritual scholars, you Bible-believing Christians who have good training, I beg you to enter your sermons in this contest.

Any sermon that is accepted for publication in THE SWORD OF THE LORD will be paid for, whether it wins a prize in the contest or not.

Remember to write THE SWORD OF THE LORD for detailed instructions on this contest, if you wish, and mimeographed instructions will be sent. Or read the article on page 3 of the April 2 SWORD OF THE LORD.

The sermons must be original, typewritten, double-spaced, one side of the page only.

Address the Sword of the Lord, Wheaton, Illinois.

The SWORD Subscription Campaign—A Report

This is written on Monday, March 29. The subscription campaign which closes at midnight, March 31, still continues. More

He Lives

The triune God conceived a plan,
To pay the debt for ev'ry man
Regardless of the cost.
He sent His only Son to die,
That we may reign with Him on high
And thus redeemed the lost.

Christ Jesus struggled up a hill.
It was His Father's sovereign will
To rend the veil in twain.
The cross, the cross, how large it loomed;
But without blood, the world was doomed,
And life had been in vain.

How can we now but stand in awe,
In knowing Christ fulfilled the law
Because our sins He bore.
He rose triumphant over death;
What God required has all been met.
He lives forevermore!

—Tom Johnson

than \$1,200 came for subscriptions this morning. I am told. Subscriptions mailed before midnight next Wednesday will be coming in yet for a week or more. I thank God for the many thousands of subscriptions. I do not know how many there will be. It appears now that we will not reach more than half of our immediate goal of 75,000 subscriptions. But we thank God for all who helped.

Let me say that we will continually press the matter of increasing THE SWORD OF THE LORD to 200,000 paid subscriptions. To do that, we must have the help of Bible-believing Christians, the help of Christians who have a burden for revival and soul winning. We must have the cooperation of godly preachers who will present the matter to their people and get subscriptions for most of the church families. Thousands of preachers can and should present the matter and have THE SWORD OF THE LORD sent to every resident family of the church. To do so, they will get a special low rate, and they may, if they like, pay by the month. And it will be the greatest spiritual help for the least money that it will be possible to bring the church, in my humble opinion.

We know that a good many people will send subscriptions for many, many friends. We trust that some of God's stewards will send large amounts of money to pay for subscriptions for preachers and missionaries, for Christian workers and shut-ins, for men in penitentiaries and jails, and others whose need and whose earnest requests we ought to heed through our Ministers and Missionary Subscription Fund.

Again we ask that hundreds who read this will assume a quota of 100 subscriptions, and set out now to send in that many subscriptions by September 28, the twentieth anniversary of THE SWORD. Those who cannot accept quotas of 100 may accept a quota of 25 or 50. Many others ought to set out to send 200 or 500 or 1,000 subscriptions. And if we have your signed statement that you will send in such a quota, we will allow you to use the rock-bottom subscription price of \$1.50 per year in the United States, \$2 per year in Canada and foreign countries. But this rate is not available for those who do not accept a regular quota. Only in large blocks of subscriptions can we afford this rate.

We covet your prayers, your counsel, your help. MAY WE COUNT ON YOU?

Annual Bible Conference at Bob Jones University

Tomorrow morning I fly to Greenville, South Carolina, for the Annual Bible Conference at Bob Jones University (March 29 through April 4). This is a splendid occasion, and I rejoice in the opportunity and heavenly fellowship. What a thrill to see these nearly 3,000 young people, approximately 1,200 ministerial students, hundreds of missionary volunteers, with a consecrated faculty and administration! And visitors will be there from many states, too. We thank God for the testimony of Bob Jones University. Its em-

phasis on culture, on the fine arts, on character building, on leadership training, on "old-fashioned, Holy Ghost, mourners-bench religion," as Dr. Bob Jones says, makes it unique. Pray for Bob Jones University. Encourage Christian young people to go there. They will find no apology made for old-time Christian faith, for strict standards of morality, for the highest type of Christian education.

I will take along my dictating machine, and between speaking and between fellowship with strong men of God there, I will dictate letters and articles, and try to catch up on some work.

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Directory of Orthodox Summer BIBLE CONFERENCES

By Fairy Shappard, Secretary
Sword of the Lord Foundation

We believe that you would appreciate having at hand a list of good Christian conferences as you plan and pray about your summer vacation. Here it is. The list includes those that have furnished us facts about the 1954 program, and is arranged according to area for your convenience.

Eastern U.S.A.

Rumney Bible Conference, Rumney, New Hampshire. Interdenominational. General, Young Peoples, Missionary, pastors, etc. Sponsored by New England Fellowship of Evangelicals. July 3-Labor Day. Write: Rev. George S. McNeill, 9 Park St., Boston 8, Mass.

Harvey Cedars Bible Conference, Harvey Cedars, N. J. On an island, 6 miles at sea. (65 miles from Philadelphia; 90 miles from New York City.) Season: June 28-Sept. 6. Some of the speakers for Y.P. weeks: Dr. Bob Rayburn, Phil Saint, Dr. G. Douglas Young, Al Oldham. General Conference speakers: Dr. J. Oliver Buswell, Dr. Clarence Mason, Dr. David Otis Fuller, Dr. Carl McIntire. Special music by Cseh Musical Messengers; Jack Conner, marimbist; John Hibbard and his trumpet; Dorothy James and her violin. Write: Box 218, Collingswood, N. J.

Lake Arrowhead, N. Y. (near Binghamton). Sword of the Lord Conference on Revival and Soul Winning, June 28-July 4. Speakers: Dr. John R. Rice, Rev. Hugh Pyle, Evangelist Joe Miller. Good program continues all summer, good speakers.

Word of Life Camp, Schroon Lake, New York (240 miles from New York City—130 miles from Montreal. A mountain re-

reat deep in the Adirondacks, overlooking Schroon Lake. Season: May 28-Sept. 6. Some of the speakers: Dr. Charles Woodbridge, Redd Harper, Rev. Jack Wyrzten, Dr. Percy Crawford, Gil Dodds, Don Robertson, and others. Before June 1 write: Word of Life Manor, Box 511, New York 8, N. Y.

Central Manor Camp Meeting, Mountville, Pa., Aug. 21-29, Dr. Andrew Telford, Dr. Wm. Dean and Dr. John R. Rice speak each day. Write: Rev. W. R. Weaver, Washington Boro, Pa.

The Mennonite Brethren in Christ Camp Meeting, Johnstown, Pa., July 31-Aug. 8. Dr. Rice will be the evangelist.

LeTourneau Christian Camp, East Lake Road, Canandaigua-Lake, New York. Open all year. Summer season June 1-Sept. 15. June 10-12, Women's Missionary and Bible Conference. June 14-16, Ministers' and Laymen's Conference. (Featured speakers: Dr. Walter L. Wilson and Clate Risley.) June 26-July 3, Child Evangelism Camp. June 26-July 3, American Association for Jewish Evangelism Prophetic Conference. July 3-10, Bible Club Junior Camp. July 10-17, Bible Club Senior Camp. July 17-24, Baptist Junior Camp. July 24-Aug. 7, Baptist Senior Youth Camps. Aug. 7-14, Baptist Workers Conference. (Featured speaker: Rev. W. H. MacWhinnie.) July 31-Aug. 14, All Nations Evangelistic Fellowship camp for underprivileged children. Aug. 15-21, Bible Memory Association. Aug. 21-28, Advent Christian Annual Camp Meeting. Aug. 23-28 Youth Temperance Council of New York State. Aug. 28-Sept. 6, Youth for Christ. (Speakers: Dr. Monroe Parker and Alex Dunlap.) Sept. 10-12, Christian Business Men's Committee Annual Regional Rally. Write: P. O. Box 48, Canandaigua Lake, N. Y.

Penn Grove, Spring Grove, Pa. (York Co., near Hanover.) General Bible Conference. 1954 season: July 3-Sept. 6. Write: Rev. Ralph E. Boyer, P. O. Box 1, York, Pa.

Highland Lake Bible Conference, Highland Lake, N. Y. Season: June 19-Sept. 6. June 19-26, Staff Conference. June 26-July 3, World Missionary Conference (with many missionaries present). July 3-10, Conservative Baptist Week. July 10-17, Vance Havner, special speaker. July 17-24 Laymen's Week (Dr. Harry J. Hager, Chicago, one of the speakers). July 24-31, Christian Workers Conference (Dr. Walter L. Wilson one of the speakers.) July 31-Aug. 7, Youth Week. August 7-14, Sunday School Institute Week. Aug. 14-21, General Conference (Dr. Roy L. Brown speaker). Aug. 21-28, "Most Unique Week" (Dr. David L. Cooper and others). Aug. 28-Sept. 6, Annual Conference of Christian Believers Week. (Speakers: Rev. E. J. Padney of Unevangelized Fields Mission, and George Whyte, Edinburgh, Scotland.)

Providence Summer Bible Conference, Barrington, Rhode Island. Season: July 3-Aug. 29. Speakers and Dates for '54: Dr. Vance Havner, July 3-9; Dr. Clarence W. Jones and Dr. Howard W. Ferrin, July 10-16; Dr. Carl Armerding, July 17-23; Dr. Harold Paul Sloan, July 24-30; Dr. Philip E. Howard, July 31-Aug. 6; Rev. Edwin S. Johnson, Aug. 7-13; Rev. James S. Pemberton, Aug. 14-20; Rev. "Jimmie" Johnson, Aug. 21-27; Dr. Howard W. Ferrin, Aug. 28-29. There will also be a missionary speaker each week and music by such men as Dr. F. Carlton Booth, William Hoyt, and others. Write: Mr. Everett S. Graffam, Providence Summer Bible Conference, Primrose Hill, Barrington, Rhode Island.

Tri-State Bible Conference, Port Jervis, N. Y. (located at the conjunction of the three states: N. J., N. Y., and Pa.) Season: June 18-Sept. 6. May 28-31, Memorial Day Conference. June 18-20, Pre-season Conference. Family Week-end. June 26-July 10, Young People's Weeks. July 10-24, Junior Camp for Young Folk. July 24-Sept. 6, General Conference weeks. After earnest prayer for a site, this beautiful conference grounds was bought through an ad in THE SWORD OF THE LORD, and the directors are praising the Lord for five wonderful years of ministry since that time. Write: Rev. F. Leon Taggart, R. D. 1, Port Jervis, N. Y.

Morning Cheer Bible Conference, Sandy Cove, Md. Season: May 29-Sept. 6. May 29-31, Dr. James McGinlay, Rev. Ralph Keiper; July 14-20, Mr. James E. Bennett, Rev. Lehman Strauss; June 21-27, Dr. Andrew Telford, Dr. Bob Pierce, Rev. Harley Murphy; June 28-July 4, Jim Vaus,

C. Stacey Woods, Dr. Theodore Elsner; July 5-11, Dr. Harry W. VomBruch, Rev. Paul Lehman, Dr. Ralph Stoll; July 12-18, Dr. Torrey Johnson, Dr. Robert R. Brown, Rev. George H. Mundell; July 19-25, Rev. Walter Hughes, Rev. Henry Grube, Rev. Clarence H. Didden; July 26-Aug. 1, Dr. Vance Havner, Dr. Ralph Neighbour, Rev. Hubert Mitchell; Aug. 2-8, Dr. James McGinlay, Rev. Ralph Keiper, Rev. Kenneth Masteller, Bill Leach (Christian artist); August 9-15, Dr. Donald Grey Barnhouse, Dr. John R. Rice, Rev. Dick Robinson, Redd Harper; Aug. 16-22, Rev. William G. Detweiler, Rev. Thomas G. Lawrence, Rev. Horace L. Fenton, Jr.; Aug. 23-29, Dr. Hyman J. Appelmann, Dr. V. R. Edman, Rev. David Allen; Aug. 30-Sept. 6, Dr. R. T. Ketcham, Rev. Edwin S. Johnson, Mr. G. E. Speake. Write: Pastor Geo. A. Palmer, P. O. Box 3, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Mid-West Conferences

Youth for Christ International, 109 N. Cross St., Wheaton, Ill., has planned 27 conferences in all parts of the United States and Canada during its 10th anniversary year. The main one will be at Winona Lake, Indiana, July 4-18. Speakers: Billy Graham, Jack Shuler, Roy Rogers, Dale Evans and others.

Cedar Lake Conference Grounds, Cedar Lake, Ind., June 26-July 8: Calvin Hamilton, with musicians Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Lovelady. July 3-10 Christian Reformed Church, Dr. P. H. Eldersveld, speaker. July 10-17, The Great Lakes Baptist Association. July 17-24, Reformed Church in America. July 24-31, Prophetic Bible Conference. July 25-Aug. 1, Girls Camp, Aug. 1-8, Boys Camp. July 31-Aug. 7, Christian Business Men's Committee. Aug. 7-14, Moody Bible Institute Bible Teaching and Radio Rally. Aug. 14-21, The Rescue Mission Bible Conference with Dr. Harold L. Lunquist as speaker. Aug. 21-28, Youth for Christ Conference, Jack Daniel, speaker. Sept. 3-6, The National Sunday School Association Conference.

Raccoon River Bible Conference, Scranton, Iowa. Interdenominational. Family conference, Aug. 9-15. Youth Camp, Aug. 17-24.

Maranatha Bible and Missionary Conference, Muskegon, Michigan. Season: June 28-Sept. 5. Speakers: Rev. Douglas Roe, Dr. Merv Rosell, Dr. Theodore H. Epp (of "Back to the Bible Broadcast"), Dr. Robert A. Cook, Dr. Wilbur M. Smith, Dr. H. H. Savage, Dr. James McGinlay, Dr. William Ward Ayer, and others. Musicians: Mr. J. Stratton Shufelt, Mr. Hilding E. Halverson, Mr. Clyde E. Taylor, Mr. George Edstrom, Mr. Merrill Dunlop, Dr. Homer Hammon, Mr. Don Hustad, and others.

Byron Bible Camp, Box 211, Huron S. D. (12 miles north of Huron.) June 29-July 5, Young people and adults, Paul and Bob and K. D. Dobson, missionary to the Indians. July 13-25, The Strauss-Youth Bible Crusade. July 27-Aug. 1, Sioux Indian Camp, Uncle Win Johnson, Aug. 26-29, Family Camp, Rev. G. Lockwood.

Faith and Freedom Conference, Crescent Lake, Rhineland, Wis. (Sponsored by the Presbytery of the upper Mid-West.) July 1-4, Dr. J. Oliver Buswell, Rev. Peter Deyneka, speakers.

Southern States

Ben Lippen Conference, Columbia Bible College, Columbia, S. C. (Dr. G. Allen Fleece, director). Season: June 12-August 23. June 12-19, Youth Conference. June 19-July 30, Summer School and Guest Period. July 31-Aug. 9, Bible and Christian Life Conference. Aug. 9-14, Ministers' and Christian Worker's Conference, with Dr. Charles Seidenspinner, Dr. Harold J. Ockenga, Dr. G. Allen Fleece, and others. Aug. 14-23, Bible and Christian Life Conference, with Dr. Vance Havner, Dr. Norman B. Harrison, Dr. Ralph T. Davis, etc. Ministers and wives half price for any one conference.

Cumberland Conference Grounds (Bill Rice Ranch), Murfreesboro, Tenn. Season starts with working conference. June 13-27. (Meal and bed free with four hours' work per day.) Dr. John R. Rice will speak twice daily. There will also be Evangelist Bill Rice, Director, and others. Write for full season program to: Evangelist Bill Rice Ranch, Franklin Road, Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

Great Smoky Mountains Bible Conference, Bryson City, N. C. Sponsored by Southern Bible Testimony, Inc. Conference monthly, the year around.

Lake Louise Conference Grounds and Hotel, Toccoa, Ga. June 7-19, Boys and Girls Camp. June 20-26, Rodeoheaven Music Festival and Bible Conference, with Dr. Homer Rodeheaver; Dr. Homer Hammon; Rev. Paul Beckwith; Mr. Colan Bray, tenor soloist. June 28-July 3, Miracle Book Club Conference. July 4-10, Sword of the Lord Conference on Evangelism (Speakers include Dr. Lee Robinson, Dr. Monroe Parker, Dr. John R. Rice, etc.) July 11-17, Sword of the Lord "How to Do It Conference." July 18-24, Sunday School Assembly, conducted by Dr. T. W. Tippet, Exec. Sec.; July 25-31, Church Choir Camp, conducted by Jackson Hill Baptist Church of Atlanta. Aug. 2-7, Young Peoples Camp (Ages 7-16). Aug. 9-15, Child Evangelism Fellowship (Southern Region). How to Teach Children Through Visual Aids and Object Lessons. Aug. 16-28, Youth for Christ Conference. Aug. 29-Sept. 3, Sermons from Science Conference, sponsored by Moody Bible Institute of Science, Los Angeles, and Scripture Press Leadership Conference. Sept. 3-6, Gideons Rally.

Western States

Hume Lake Conference, Hume, Calif. (65 miles east of Fresno.) Near Mt. Whitney, world famous King's Canyon. Season: May 29-Sept. 26. Family conferences, as well as boys and girls camps, Interdenominational. Write: Mr. Walter A. Warkentin, 155 Van Ness, Fresno, Calif.

Forest Home Christian Conference Center and Lakeview Lodge, Forest Home, Calif. (80 miles from Los Angeles.) All age groups from grammar school to adults in various evangelical conferences. Write:

"A Group of Methodists"

By Dr. Bob Shuler
Retired after 50 years in Methodist Ministry

Signing themselves "A Group of Methodists," a Committee has been formed in and about Miami, Florida, which has sent out a comprehensive statement, including the following sentiment: "The enemies of our church are boring from within, masquerading under all manners of sweet-sounding names while the alliances they champion are diametrically opposed to the Christian way. Many of our preachers and members have become tools in the hands of skilled artisans who would like to see Christianity destroyed."

In another paragraph, signed by this group, there are these words: "Of recent years, there have crept into our church, by stealth and disguise, doctrines and schemes contrary to our best interests and which, if left to flourish, will destroy the very church that has given them shelter."

Writing to Bishop Fred P. Corson, president of the Council of Bishops of the Methodist Church, these defenders of our great church say further: "There are men in your group, and thousands under your leadership, who have, unwittingly or purposely, allied themselves with movements, diabolically designed not only to overthrow the United States government but to destroy our church and all Protestantism."

Then these alert and thoroughly awakened brethren go on to insist to Bishop Corson that he study thoroughly the "disguises" and "subtle camouflages" resorted to by these experts at subversion. The very long letter addressed to Bishop Corson expresses a belief, well founded, that the vast majority of our ministers and laymen are loyal, true, dependable Christian Americans. It calls attention to the sorry fact, as this publication has often done, that the evils that are threatening our nation and our church originate in a conspiring evil minority. This is undoubtedly true.

I have seen no statement from Bishop Corson thus far.

That my readers may know the very sure ground upon which this "Group of Methodists" stands, I am quoting a large section from this letter to Bishop Corson:

"One of your members while in a most trustworthy position in our church, used the funds of the Board of Missions to disseminate Communistic propaganda among our membership. The book extolling Communistic Russia written by Dr. Jerome Davis titled 'Behind Soviet Power' was thus distributed to thousands of Metho-

Mr. Graham Tinning, 5228 Irvine, North Hollywood, Calif.

Living Faith Fellowship Bible Conference, Covenant Heights, Colorado (near Estes Park). August 9-15. Speakers: Horace F. Dean, Christ for America, Chicago; Evang. Herb Tyler, Portland, Oregon; Rev. Marvin Lewis, Bob Jones University, Greenville, S. C.; Rev. Bertil Lovain, Loveland, Colo. Write: Rev. Clifford Lewis, 1609 Cleveland Avenue, Loveland, Colo.

Lake Sammamish Bible Camp Association, on the shores of Lake Sammamish 712 miles from Seattle, at the foothills of the Cascade Mountains. July 18-Aug. 1. Speakers: Dr. W. Robert Smith, Bethel College; Rev. J. B. Toews, General Missionary Director of Mennonite Brethren Church; Dr. Vincent Bennett, former vice-president, Wheaton College; Rev. Lloyd Kilgore, song leader, Address: 120 Pike St., Seattle, Wash.

Camp Bethel, located on Highway 14, on top of Big Horn Mountain, Powell, Wyoming. Aug. 9-15, Family Bible Conference. Speakers: Rev. Shel Helsley; Dr. Raymond Buker, Conservative Baptist Foreign Mission Secretary; Dr. Richard Beal, Jr., Conservative Baptist Seminary, Denver. Young people's and boys' and girls' camps, also. Write: Mr. A. W. Allen, Powell, Wyoming.

In Canada

Blue Water Conference, Wallaceburg, Ont. (2 hours drive from Detroit.) General conference. Season: June 26-Labor Day. Some of the speakers for 1954: Dr. W. S. Hottel, Dr. J. Elwood Evans, Rev. Donald MacLennan, Rev. Thomas Summers, Dr. Clarence Jones of H.C.J.B. Write: Mr. R. M. Martin, 95 King St., Chatham, Ont., Canada.

Canadian Keswick Conference, Ferndale, Ont. Open continuously June 25-Sept. 12, 1954 is thirty-year jubilee year. Speakers include The Hon. E. C. Manning; Rev. Alan Redpath, pastor Moody Church, Chicago; Dr. T. Leonard Lewis, president Gordon College, Boston; Rev. Howard Sugen; Write for illustrated folder—14 Park Rd., Toronto, Ont., Can.



Dr. Bob Shuler

dist preachers and missionaries. It was accompanied by a letter urging that its teachings be heeded by members of our church. This we do not like. We believe it to be a direct violation of our rights over which we have no control. Chapter II of the *Methodist Discipline* has this to say as one charge for which a preacher or bishop can be tried: "Disseminating doctrines contrary to the Articles of Religion or other established standards of doctrines of the church." We believe that sending out Communistic teachings at the expense of the membership of the church is a violation of this article.

"Through the spoken word and writings, the youth of our church are urged to become conscientious objectors and to refuse to fight in our armed forces. The National Conference of Methodist Youth passed a resolution in 1952 whereby anyone wishing to come under the category of a conscientious objector would be defended by the organization. Indeed, its Vice-President, a negro youth, recently served a sentence in the Federal penitentiary for dodging the draft. The Board of Missions and Church Extension tried to have him placed on probation so he could be sent to Africa as a missionary. These things are a matter of record and were published in *Concern*, a Methodist publication. The Editor of this paper openly solicited funds for the defense of this draft-dodger in the periodical. The teachings of Jesus do not call for the destruction of our American way of life.

"Trends to the 'left' are plainly visible in some of the publications of our church. The great bulk of printed matter coming from our publishing house is, indeed, good. We believe, however, that a better job of 'screening' should be done before accepting contributions. Too many authors belong to subversive organizations for the good of our youth. We cite a few examples: In *Classmate*, July, 1947, the same author who wrote 'Behind Soviet Power,' mentioned above, contributed an article for our youth to read entitled, 'Joseph Stalin,' in which this beast was lauded as a kind-hearted gentleman who loved poetry and wouldn't harm anyone. The 'Adult Student' comes in for a deal of criticism. The list is too long to cite here but some of its contributors belong to Communist front organizations. Cross-check these with membership in the Federation and outright subversive groups if you have any doubts. A little pocket-size booklet titled *Power*, put out by the National Conference of Methodist Youth, is composed of brief articles by various contributors. Many of the articles have a definite 'slant' to opposition to war, conscientious objection to fighting, and appeasement.

"We steadfastly believe that the Bible is the word of God. We cannot reconcile this with articles appearing in the *Adult Student* of May, 1953, wherein the incidents in the lives of characters in the books of Ruth, Jonah and Esther

(Continued on page 7)

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With The Evangelists

(Continued from page 4)

and Moslems were among the 600 people who accepted Christ in San Fernando, Trinidad, during his recent campaign there, according to EVANGELIST PHIL SAINT. Saint wound up the campaign February 28, under auspices of the Latin America Mission, with Sterling and Evangeline Krause providing special vocal and vibraharp music.

The second L. A. M. effort in major cities of Trinidad within two years, the campaign opened with a record-breaking attendance of 1400 and ended with 4000 in the open air. According to Horace L. Fenton, campaign leader, the meetings were noteworthy for the impact upon Trinidad's large Hindu and Moslem populations, often considered the most difficult to reach for Christ.

"The churches are already clamoring for a return visit two years hence," Fenton reports. "There was mighty blessing. From the very beginning God showed that He meant to manifest His power in such a way that it could not be explained in human terms."

Trinidad is a British island off the northern coast of Venezuela. Previous to the Saint campaign in San Fernando, Jack Wyrzten and his quartet had been featured in the city of Port-of-Spain in what Wyrzten terms "by far the greatest foreign missionary crusade we have ever known—greater than Japan, Korea, or India."

Next on the schedule of Latin America Mission campaigns are all-out efforts in Uruguay, Paraguay and Argentina next fall.

Sword of the Lord EVANGELIST EDDIE WAGNER recently conducted a splendid revival campaign with the First Baptist

Church of Sheridan, Wyoming. Rev. Darrell A. Pearce is pastor of this fine church. During the two weeks, there were 35 conversions, 65 rededications, and approximately 200 families to begin daily devotions! The well-known singer, Clayton Booth, of Seattle, Washington, led the singing and his solo work was outstanding. There were many other decisions, including 165 who promised to tithe and 210 other definite decisions in the lives of Christians.

Sword of the Lord EVANGELIST JIMMIE THRELFALL has conducted a good revival campaign with the First Baptist Church in Howard City, Michigan. Rev. Wilbur Webber is pastor of this growing work. There were 8 conversions and 9 rededications. Six of the eight who were saved were a father, mother, and their four children. The pastor believes there will be many other conversions as a direct result of this meeting.

Sword of the Lord EVANGELIST LLOYD BARDOWELL was rewarded with 92 conversions in a recent revival campaign with the Gethsemane Methodist Church of Seaford, Delaware. There were also 31 rededications and 10 to begin family altars during the campaign. Rev. Milton Milliner is the pastor of this good church. Incidentally, Rev. Milliner is a real lover of THE SWORD OF THE LORD and is at present sending THE SWORD to each family that attends his church—a total of approximately 150 subscriptions! Doubtless, this is a contributing factor to the fact that this is one Methodist church on fire for God and souls.

Sword of the Lord EVANGELIST J. OSCAR WELLS was in a revival campaign with the Memorial Baptist Church of Jackson, Michigan, February 10-21. Although the church began announcing and preparing for the campaign only some five days before the opening night, there were 23 conversions and additions, and 25 rededications. The church, during the campaign, enjoyed the highest Sunday School attendance in its history.

The Tomb of Jesus

(Continued from page 1)

guide you to it; and may it please our Master to make our hearts burn within us while we talk by the way.

Away, ye profane, ye souls whose life is laughter, folly, and mirth! Away, ye sordid and carnal minds who have no taste for the spiritual, no delight in the celestial. We ask not your company; we speak to God's beloved, to the heirs of Heaven, to the sanctified, the redeemed, the pure in heart; and we say to them, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay." Surely ye need no argument to move your feet in the direction of the holy sepulchre; but still we will use the utmost power to draw your spirit thither. Come, then, for 'tis the shrine of greatness, 'tis the resting-place of the Man, the Restorer of our race, the Conqueror of death and Hell.

Men will travel hundreds of miles to behold the place where a poet first breathed the air of earth; they will journey to the ancient tombs of mighty heroes, or the graves of men renowned by fame; but whither shall the Christian go to find the grave of one so famous as was Jesus? Ask me the greatest man who ever lived—I tell you the Man Christ Jesus was "anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows." If ye seek a chamber honored as the resting-place of genius, turn in hither; if ye would worship at the grave of holiness, come ye here; if ye would see the hallowed spot where the choicest bones that e'er were fashioned lay for awhile, come with me, Christian, to that quiet garden, hard by the walls of Jerusalem.

Come with me, moreover, because it is the tomb of your best friend. The Jews said of Mary, "she goeth unto his grave to weep there." Ye have lost your friends, some of you, ye have planted flowers upon their tombs, ye go and sit at eventide upon the green sward, bedewing the grass with your tears, for there your mother lies, and there your father or your wife.

Oh! in pensive sorrow come with me to this dark garden of our Saviour's burial; come to the grave of your best friend—your brother, yea, one who "sticketh closer than a brother." Come thou to the grave of thy dearest relative, O Christian, for Jesus is thy husband, "Thy Maker is thy husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name." Doth not affection draw you? Do not the sweet lips of love woo you? Is not the place sanctified where one so well-beloved slept, although but for a moment? Surely ye need no eloquence; if it were needed I have none. I have but the power, in simple, but earnest accents, to repeat the words, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay." On this Easter morn-

ing pay a visit to His grave, for it is the grave of your best friend.

Yea, more, I will further urge you to this pious pilgrimage. Come for angels bid you. Angels said, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay." The Syriac version reads, "Come, see the place where our Lord lay." Yes, angels put themselves with those poor women, and used one common pronoun—our. Jesus is the Lord of angels as well as of men. Ye feeble women—ye have called Him Lord, ye have washed His feet, ye have provided for His wants, ye have hung upon His lips to catch His honeyed sentences, ye have sat entranced beneath His mighty eloquence; ye call Him Master and Lord, and ye do well. "But," said the seraph, "He is my Lord too;" bowing his head, he sweetly said, "Come, see the place where our Lord lay."

Dost fear then, Christian, to step into that tomb? Dost dread to enter there, when the angel pointeth with his finger and saith, "Come, we will go together, angels and men, and see the royal bed-chamber"? Ye know that angels did go into His tomb, for they sat one at His head and the other at His foot in holy meditation.

I picture to myself those bright cherubs sitting there talking to one another. One of them said, "It was there His feet lay;" and the other replied, "and there His hands, and there His head;" and in celestial language did they talk concerning the deep things of God; then they stooped and kissed the rocky floor, made sacred to the angels themselves; not because there they were redeemed, but because there their Master and their monarch, whose high behests they were obeying, did for awhile become the slave of death, and the captive of destruction.

Come, Christian, then, for angels are the porters to unbar the door; come, for a cherub is thy messenger to usher thee into the death-place of death himself. Nay, start not from the entrance; let not the darkness affright thee; the vault is not damp with the vapors of death, nor doth the air contain aught of contagion. Come, for it is a pure and healthy place. Fear not to enter that tomb. I will admit that catacombs are not the places where we, who are full of joy, would love to go. There is something gloomy and noisome about a vault. There are noxious smells of corruption; oft-times pestilence is born where a dead body hath lain; but fear it not, Christian, for Christ was not left in Hell—in Hades—in the realm of death; neither did His body see corruption.

Come, there is no scent, yea, rather a perfume. Step in here, and, if thou didst ever breathe the gales of Ceylon, or winds from the groves of Araby, thou shalt find

them far excelled by that sweet, holy fragrance left by the blessed body of Jesus; that alabaster vase which once held divinity, and was rendered sweet and precious thereby. Think not thou shalt find aught obnoxious to thy senses. Corruption Jesus never saw; no worms ever devoured His flesh; no rottenness ever entered into His bones; He saw no corruption. Three days He slumbered, but not long enough to putrefy; He soon arose, perfect as when he entered, uninjured as when His limbs were composed for their slumber.

Come then, Christian, summon up thy thoughts, gather all thy powers; here is a sweet invitation, let me press it again. Let me lead thee by the hand of meditation, my brother; let me take thee by the arm of thy fancy, and let me again say to thee, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

There is yet one reason more why I would have thee visit this royal sepulchre—because it is a quiet spot. Oh! I have longed for rest, for I have heard this world's rumors in my ears so long, that I have begged for

"A lodge in some vast wilderness, Some boundless contiguity of shade,"

where I might hide myself forever. I am sick of this tiring and trying life; my frame is weary, my soul is mad to repose herself awhile, I would I could lay myself down a little by the edge of some pebbly brook, with no companion save the fair flowers or the nodding willows. I would I could recline in stillness, where the air brings balm to the tormented brain, where there is no murmur save the hum of the summer bee, no whisper save that of the zephyrs, and no song except the caroling of the lark. I wish I could be at ease for a moment. I have become a man of the world; my brain is racked, my soul is tired.

"Oh! wouldst thou be quiet, Christian? Merchant, wouldst thou rest from thy toils? wouldst thou be calm for once? Then come hither. It is in a pleasant garden, far from the hum of Jerusalem; the noise and din of business will not reach thee there: "Come, see the place where the Lord lay." It is a sweet resting spot, a withdrawing room for thy soul, where thou mayest brush from thy garments the dust of earth and muse awhile in peace.

II. Attention Requested

Thus I have pressed the invitation; now we will enter the tomb. Let us examine it with deep attention, noticing every circumstance connected with it.

And, first, mark that it is a costly tomb. It is no common grave; it is not an excavation dug out by the spade for a pauper, in which to hide the last remains of his miserable and overworn bones. It is a princely tomb; it was made of marble, cut in the side of a hill. Stand here, believer, and ask why Jesus had such a costly sepulchre. He had no elegant garments; He wore a coat without seam, woven from the top throughout, without an atom of embroidery. He owned no sumptuous palace, for He had not where to lay His head. His sandals were not rich with gold, or studded with brilliants. He was poor. Why, then, does He lie in a noble grave?

We answer, for this reason: Christ was unhonored till he had finished His sufferings; Christ's body suffered contumely, shame, spitting, buffeting, and reproach, until He had completed His great work; He was trampled under foot, He was "despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" but the moment he had finished His undertaking, God said, "No more shall that body be disgraced; if it is to sleep, let it slumber in an honorable grave; if it is to rest, let nobles bury it; let Joseph, the councillor, and Nicodemus, the man of Sanhedrim, be present at the funeral; let the body be embalmed with precious spices, let it have honor; it has had enough of contumely, and shame, and reproach, and buffeting; let it now be treated with respect."

Christian, dost thou discern the meaning? Jesus, after He had finished His work, slept in a costly grave; for now His Father loved and honored Him, since His work was done.

(Continued on page 8)

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"A Group of Methodists"

(Continued from page 6)

are classed as mere fiction. In the issues of August and November, 1950, readers were urged to join World Government movements.

"We have hoped for years that the evils enumerated above and others would be eliminated, thus tempering the ridicule heaped upon Methodism for its swing to the 'left' and away from the fundamentals of Christian teachings. But this has not been done.

"Annual Conferences are too often swayed by the wishes of the Presiding Bishop. The recent overwhelming vote of confidence given one of your group at the Florida meeting is a good example. Another is the action of the North Georgia Conference in backing up their bishop for declining to assign a pulpit to one of its preachers. This preacher's only misdemeanor was that he printed the truth about the higher-ups in Methodism. No charge has been placed against him as provided for in the Discipline. Preachers are prone to 'go along' with the Bishop in whatever he wants. After all, their jobs are at stake. This statement may make you angry. God grant that it

does! An impartial poll of Methodist preachers will substantiate that this assertion is what a number of them have privately and confidently revealed.

"More of the laity in Methodism are concerned with these matters than you in the ministry are inclined to admit. In our attempt to have the unsavory matters corrected we have the welfare of our church in mind. History clearly reveals that when an evil grows unbearable the people will rise up to correct it. Just now the great mass of membership is not cognizant of its peril. How long, we repeat, the men and women of Methodism will continue to support a church which is slanting its program toward collectivism, Socialism and World Government, we do not know. Time will write the answer. When we joined the Methodist Church our pledge to support it with our tithes and offerings did not carry with it the pledge to sustain it in doctrines we believe to be wrong."

The above excerpts are worthy of careful reading, serious study and much prayer by our Chief pastors, the Bishops of the Methodist Church. These grave days are not only days of peril but they might very easily be days of doom.

—The Methodist Challenge

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The Tomb of Jesus

(Continued from page 7)

But, though it is a costly grave, it is a borrowed one. I see over the top of it, "Sacred to the memory of the family of Joseph of Arimathea;" yet Jesus slept there. Yes, He was buried in another's sepulchre. He who had no house of His own, and rested in the habitation of other men; who had no table, but lived upon the hospitality of His disciples; who borrowed boats in which to preach, and had not anything in the wide world, was obliged to have a tomb from charity.

Oh! should not the poor take courage? They dread to be buried at the expense of their neighbors, but if their poverty be unavoidable, wherefore should they blush, since Jesus Christ Himself was interred in another's grave?

Ah! I wish I might have had Joseph's grave to let Jesus be buried in it. Good Joseph thought he had cut it out for himself, and that he should lay his bones there. He had it excavated as a family vault, and lo, the Son of David makes it one of the tombs of the kings. But he did not lose it by lending it to the Lord; rather, he had it back with precious interest. He only lent it three days; then Christ resigned it; He had not injured, but perfumed and sanctified it; and made it far more holy, so that it would be an honor in the future to be buried there.

It was a borrowed tomb; and why? I take it, not to dishonor Christ, but in order to show that as His sins were borrowed sins, so His burial was in a borrowed grave. Christ had no transgressions of His own; He took ours upon His head; He never committed a wrong, but He took all my sin, and all yours, if ye are believers. Concerning all His people, it is true, He bore their griefs and carried their sorrows in His own body on the tree; therefore, as they were others' sins, so He rested in another's grave; as they were sins imputed, so that grave was only imputedly His. It was not His sepulchre; it was the tomb of Joseph.

Let us not weary in this pious investigation, but with fixed attention observe everything connected with this holy spot. The grave, we observe, was cut in a rock. Why was this? The Rock of Ages was buried in a rock; a Rock within a rock. But why? Most persons suggest that it was so ordained, that it might be clear that there was no covert way by which the disciples or others could enter and steal the body away. Very possibly it was the reason; but O! my soul, canst thou find a spiritual reason?

Christ's sepulchre was cut in a rock. It was not cut in mould that might be worn away by the water, or might crumble and fall into decay. The sepulchre stands, I believe, entire to this day; if it does not naturally, it does spiritually. The same sepulchre which took the sins of Paul, shall take my iniquities into His bosom, for if I ever lose my guilt, it must roll off my shoulders into the sepulchre. It was cut in a rock, so that if a sinner were saved a thousand years ago, I too can be delivered, for it is a rocky sepulchre where sin was buried—it was a rocky sepulchre of marble where my crimes were laid forever—buried never to have a resurrection.

You will mark, moreover, that tomb was one wherein no other man had ever lain. Christopher Ness says, when Christ was born, He lay in a virgin's womb, and when He died, He was placed in a virgin tomb; He slept where never man had slept before. The reason was that none might say that another person rose, for there never had been any other body there, thus a mistake of persons was impossible. Nor could it be said that some old prophet was interred in the place, and that Christ rose because He had touched his bones. You remember where Eliza was buried; and as they were burying a man, behold he touched the prophets bones and arose. Christ touched no prophet's bones, for none had ever slept there; it was a new chamber where the monarch of the earth did take His rest for three days and three nights.

We have learned a little, then, with attention; but let us stoop

down once more before we leave the grave, and notice something else. We see the grave, but do you notice the grave-clothes, all wrapped and laid in their places, the napkin being folded up by itself? Wherefore are the grave-clothes wrapped up? The Jews said robbers had abstracted the body; but if so, surely they would have stolen the clothes; they would never have thought of wrapping them up and laying them down so carefully; they would be too much in haste to think of it.

Why was it then? To manifest to us that Christ did not come out in a hurried manner. He slept till the last moment; then He awoke; He came not in haste. They shall not come out in haste, neither by flight, but at the appointed moment shall His people come to Him. So at the precise hour, the decreed instant, Jesus Christ leapt surely awoke, took off His garments, left them all behind Him, and came forth in His pure and naked innocence, perhaps to show us that as clothes were the offspring of sin—when sin was atoned for by Christ, He left all raiment behind Him, for garments are the badges of guilt—if we had not been guilty we should never have needed them.

Then the napkin, mark you, was laid by itself. The grave-clothes were left behind for every departed Christian to wear. The bed of death is well sheeted with the garments of Jesus, but the napkin was laid by itself, because the Christian, when he dies, does not need that; it is used by the mourners, and the mourners only. We shall all wear grave-clothes, but we shall not need the napkin. When our friends die, the napkin is laid aside for us to use; but do our ascended brethren and sisters use it? No; the Lord God hath wiped away all tears from their eyes.

We stand and view the corpses of the dear departed, we moisten their faces with our tears, letting whole showers of grief fall on their heads; but do they weep? Oh, no. Could they speak to us from the upper spheres they would say, "Weep not for me, for I am glorified. Sorrow not for me; I have left a bad world behind me, and have entered into a far better." They have no napkin—they weep not. Strange it is that those who endure death weep not; but those who see them die, are weepers. When the child is born it weeps while others smile, (say the Arabs), and when it dies it smiles while others weep. It is so with the Christian. O blessed thing! The napkin is laid by itself, because Christians will never want to use it when they die.

III. Emotion Excited

We have thus surveyed the grave with deep attention, and, I hope, with some profit to ourselves. But that is not all. I love a religion which consists, in a great measure, of emotion. Now, if I had power, like a master, I would touch the strings of your hearts, and fetch a glorious tune of solemn music from them, for this is a deeply solemn place into which I have conducted you.

First, I would bid you stand and see the place where the Lord lay with emotions of deep sorrow. Oh come, my beloved brother, thy Jesus once lay there. He was a murdered man, my soul, and thou the murderer.

*Ah, you my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormenters were,
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.*

*Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?*

I slew Him—this right hand struck the dagger to His heart. My deeds slew Christ. Alas! I slew my best beloved; I killed Him who loved me with an everlasting love. Ye eyes, why do you refuse to weep when ye see Jesus' body mangled and torn? Oh! give vent to your sorrow, Christians, for ye have good reason to do so. I believe in what Hart says, that there was a time in his experience when he could so sympathize with Christ, that he felt more grief at the death of Christ than he did joy.

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It seemed so sad a thing that Christ should have to die; and to me it often appears too great a price for Jesus Christ to purchase worms with His own blood. Methinks I love Him so much, that if I had seen Him about to suffer, I should have been as bad as Peter, and have said, "That be far from thee, Lord;" but then He would have said to me, "Get thee behind me, Satan;" for He does not approve of that love which would stop Him from dying. "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

But I think, had I seen Him going up to His cross, I could fain have pressed Him back and said "O Jesus, thou shalt not die! I cannot have it. Wilt thou purchase my life with a price so dear?" It seems too costly for Him who is the Prince of Life and Glory to let His fair limbs be tortured in agony; that the hands which carried mercies should be pierced with accursed nails; that the temples that were always clothed with love should have cruel thorns driven through them. It appears too much.

Oh! weep, Christian, and let your sorrow rise. Is not the price all but too great, that your Beloved should for you resign Himself? Oh! I should think, if a person were saved from death by another, he would always feel deep grief if his deliverer lost his life in the attempt.

I had a friend, who, standing by the side of a piece of frozen water, saw a young lad in it, and sprang upon the ice in order to save him. After clutching the boy, he held him in his hands and cried out, "Here he is! Here he is! I have saved him." But, just as they caught hold of the boy, he sank himself, and his body was not found for some time afterwards, when he was quite dead.

Oh! it is so with Jesus. My soul was drowning. From Heaven's high portals He saw me sinking in the depths of Hell; He plunged in:

*He sank beneath His heavy woes,
To raise me to a crown;
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows,
But cost His heart a groan.*

Ah, we may indeed regret our sin, since it slew Jesus.

Now, Christian, change thy note a moment. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay," with joy and gladness. He does not lie there now. Weep, when ye see the tomb of Christ, but rejoice because it is empty. Thy sin slew Him, but His divinity raised Him up. Thy guilt hath murdered Him, but His righteousness hath restored Him. Oh! He hath burst the bonds of death, He hath ungirt the ceremonies of the tomb, and hath come out more than conqueror, crushing death beneath His feet. Rejoice, O Christian, for He is not there—He is risen.

"Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

One more thought, and then I will speak a little concerning the doctrines we may learn from this grave. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay," with solemn awe for you and I will have to lie there too.

*Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound,
Mine ears, attend the cry,
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where ye must shortly lie.*

...THE STONE ROLLED AWAY FROM THE TOMB...LUKE 24:2



Princes, this clay must be your bed,

In spite of all your powers.

The tall, the wise, the reverend head,

Must lie as low as ours.

It is a fact we do not often think of, that we shall all be dead in a little while. I know that I am made of dust, and not of iron; my bones are not brass, nor my sinews steel; in a little while my body must crumble back to its native elements. But do you ever try to picture to yourself the moment of your dissolution?

My friends, there are some of you who seldom realize how old you are, how near you are to death. One way of remembering our age is to see how much remains. Think how old eighty is, and then see how few years there are before you will get there. We should remember our frailty. Sometimes I have tried to think of the time of my departure. I do not know whether I shall die a violent death or not; but I would to God that I might die suddenly; for sudden death is sudden glory. I would I might have such a blessed exit as Dr. Beaumont, and die in my pulpit, laying down my body with my charge, and ceasing at once to work and live. But it is not mine to choose. Suppose I lie lingering for weeks, in the midst of pains, and griefs, and agonies; when that moment comes, that moment which is too solemn for my lips to speak of, when the spirit leaves the clay—let the physician put it off for weeks, or years, as we say he does, though he does not—when that moment comes, O ye lips, be dumb and profane not its solemnity. When death comes, how is the strong man bowed down! How doth the mighty man fall! They may say they will not die, but there is no hope for them; they must yield, the arrow has gone home.

I knew a man who was a wicked wretch, and I remember seeing him pace the floor of his bedroom, saying "O God, I will not die, I will not die." When I begged him to lie on his bed, for he was dying, he said he could not die while he could walk, and he would walk till he did die. Ah! he expired in the utmost tortments, always shrieking, "Oh God, I will not die." Oh! that moment, that last moment. See how clammy is the sweat upon the brow, how dry the tongue, how parched the lips. The man shuts his eyes and slumbers, then opens them again: and if he be a Christian, I can fancy that he will say:

*Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses— shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirit—draws my breath?*

Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

We know not when he is dying. One gentle sigh, and the spirit breaks away. We can scarcely say,

"he is gone," before the ransomed spirit takes its mansion near the throne.

Come to Christ's tomb, then, for the silent vault must soon be your habitation. Come to Christ's grave, for ye must slumber there. And even you, ye sinners, for one moment I will ask you to come also, because ye must die as well as the rest of us. Your sins cannot keep you from the jaws of death. I say, sinner, I want thee to look at Christ's sepulchre too, for when thou diest it may have done thee great good to think of it. You have heard of Queen Elizabeth, crying out that she would give an empire for a single hour. Or have you heard the despairing cry of the gentleman on board the *Arctic*, when it was going down, who shouted to the boat, "Come back! I will give you £30,000 if you will come and take me in." Ah! poor man, it were but little if he had thirty thousand worlds, if he could thereby prolong his life: "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life."

Some of you who can laugh this morning, who came to spend a merry hour in this hall, will be dying, and then ye will pray and crave for life, and shriek for another Sabbath-day. Oh! how the Sabbaths ye have wasted will walk like ghosts before you! Oh! how they will shake their snaky hair in your eyes! How will ye be made to sorrow and weep, because ye wasted precious hours, which, when they are gone, are gone too far to be recalled. May God save you from the pangs of remorse.

IV. Instruction Imparted

And now, Christian brethren, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay," to learn a doctrine or two. What did you see when you visited "the place where the Lord lay"? "He is not here; for he is risen." The first thing you perceive, if you stand by His empty tomb, is His divinity. The dead in Christ shall rise first at the resurrection: but He who rose first, their leader, rose in a different fashion. They rise by imparted power. He rose by His own. He could not slumber in the grave, because He was God. Death had no more dominion over Him. There is no better proof of Christ's divinity than that startling resurrection of His, when He arose from the grave, by the glory of the Father.

O Christian, thy Jesus is a God; His broad shoulders that hold thee up are indeed divine; and here thou hast the best proof of it—because He rose from the grave.

A second doctrine here taught well may charm thee, if the Holy Spirit apply it with power. Behold His empty tomb, O true believer: it is a sign of thine acquittal, and thy full discharge. If Jesus had not paid the debt, He ne'er had risen from the grave. He would have lain there till this moment if He had not cancelled the entire debt, by satisfying eternal vengeance.

(Continued on page 9)



EVANGELIST *Herb Rosell* presents **THIS WEEK'S ILLUSTRATIONS and QUOTES**

THAT CANNOT BE A TRUE RELIGION WHICH NEEDS CAR-NAL WEAPONS TO UPHOLD IT. GOD'S PEOPLE MUST BE NON-CONFORMISTS TO EVIL.

—Roger Williams

WRONG TICKET

One morning a Chicago high school teacher, when transferring from one street car to another, was handed a tract. Without looking at it, she hurried to board her second car.

As she passed the conductor, she absent-mindedly handed him the tract instead of the transfer. He glanced at the title and remarked dryly, "Oh, did he?"

She retrieved the tract, gave him her transfer and hurried to a seat.

Then she looked at the leaflet. Its title read, "Jesus Paid It All."

—Sunday

"TO SEE EARTH, OPEN YOUR EYES. TO SEE HEAVEN SHUT THEM."

"I HAVE NEVER MET A MAN WHO HAS GIVEN ME AS MUCH TROUBLE AS MYSELF."

—Dwight L. Moody

(From the book of 95 pages, DRIFTWOOD. Price, paper binding, \$1. Sword of the Lord Publishers, Wheaton, Illinois.)

The Tomb of Jesus

(Continued from page 8)

O beloved, is not that an over-whelming thought?

"It is finished, it is finished, Hear the rising Saviour cry."

The heavenly turnkey came, a bright angel stepped from Heaven and rolled away the stone; but he would not have done so if Christ had not done all: he would have kept Him there, he would have said, "Nay, nay, Thou art the sinner now; Thou hast the sins of all Thine elect upon Thy shoulder, and I will not let thee go free till Thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." In His going free I see my own discharge.

"My Jesus' blood's my full discharge."

As a justified man, I have not a sin now against me in God's book. If I were to turn over God's eternal book, I should see every debt of mine receipted and cancelled.

Here's pardon for transgressions past,

It matters not how black their cast,

And O my soul, with wonder view, For sins to come, here's pardon too.

Fully discharged by Christ I am, From Christ's tremendous curse and blame.

One more doctrine we learn, and with that we will conclude—the doctrine of the resurrection. Jesus rose, and as the Lord our Saviour rose, so all his followers must rise. Die I must—this body must be a carnival for worms; it must be eaten by those tiny cannibals; per-adventure it shall be scattered from one portion of the earth to another; the constituent particles of this my frame will enter into plants, from plants pass into animals, and thus be carried into far distant realms; but, at the blast of

the archangel's trumpet, every separate atom of my body shall find its fellow; like the bones lying in the valley of vision, though separated from one another, the moment God shall speak, the bone will creep to its bone; then the flesh shall come upon it; the four winds of heaven shall blow, and the breath shall return.

So let me die, let beasts devour me, let fire turn this body into gas and vapor, all its particles shall yet again be restored; this very self-same, actual body shall start up from its grave, glorified and made like Christ's body, yet still the same body, for God hath said it. Christ's same body rose; so shall mine. O my soul, dost thou now dread to die? Thou wilt lose thy partner body a little while, but thou wilt be married again in Heaven; soul and body shall again be united before the throne of God.

The grave—what is it? It is the bath in which the Christian puts the clothes of his body to have them washed and cleansed. Death—what is it? It is the waiting room where we robe ourselves for immortality; it is the place where the body, like Esther, bathes itself in spices that it may be fit for the embrace of its Lord. Death is the gate of life; I will not fear to die, then, but will say,

Shudder not to pass the stream; Venture all thy care on him; Him whose dying love and power Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar, Safe in the expanded wave; Gentle as a summer's eve. Not one object of His care Ever suffered shipwreck there.

Come, view the place then, with all hallowed meditation, where the Lord lay. Spend this afternoon, my beloved brethren, in meditating upon it, and very often go to Christ's grave, both to weep and to rejoice. Ye timid ones, do not be afraid to approach, for 'tis no vain thing to remember that timidity buried Christ. Faith would not have given Him a funeral at all; faith would have kept Him above ground, and would never have let Him be buried; for it would have said, it would be useless to bury Christ if He were to rise. Fear buried Him. Nicodemus, the night disciple, and Joseph of Arimathea, secretly, for fear of the Jews, went and buried Him. Therefore, ye timid ones, ye may go too.

Ready-to-halt, poor Fearing, and thou, Mrs. Despondency, and Much-afraid, go often there; let it be your favorite haunt, there build a tabernacle, there abide. And often say to your heart, when you are in distress and sorrow, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

(From the book, SPURGEON'S SERMONS, Vol. I., published by Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Michigan \$2.95. Used by permission.)

people who had attended the meetings that day constituted one of the largest Saturday crowds in his experience.

Dr. Graham then repeated the story of the Rich Young Ruler given at the earlier meeting and recorded in Mark 10:17-25...

Raising of Lazarus

The message on Monday last was based on the raising of Lazarus, with special reference to John 11:43, 44...

The weekly broadcast to America was arranged for Tuesday of this week instead of Wednesday. Dr. Graham said that in view of the widespread interest in the London Crusade throughout the United States, there was every probability that his radio audience would be greatly increased. When, later in the evening, he came to his message for his British audience, he announced that he would be speaking on "Loneliness."

It was a great message driven home with tender feeling, and there was a very large response to the invitation at the close.

Additional Activities

Many additional meetings have been conducted by members of the team during the past week. Some have addressed Christian Unions in business houses, including the County Hall, and the Civil Service Christian Union.

On Sunday last, no fewer than nine or ten services in churches and mission halls were conducted. In fact, no more Sunday engagements can be accepted until May.

A special meeting has been arranged for boys and girls tomorrow

Safety First in America

(Continued from page 3)

coffin. That is the whole story of your life.

There are others, if you died one wouldn't need to preach the funeral sermon. One might go down and get some red and white chips and put them on your coffin. That's the story of your life. All it is, is to get something from the other fellow without giving an equivalent in money or work.

There are others, if they died, one might just put their body in their coffin, lead in the victims of their past and you will see their god. Sir, all they have lived for is the gratification of their desires.

There are some women, if you were to die today whose God would be shown should we go to your home, get your jewels and fine clothes, get all you have. That is all you have lived for. You are just a fashionable frame on which to hang your fashionable clothes. That is your god!

III. "Thou Shalt Not Take the Name of the Lord Thy God in Vain"

Some people think that that is of no consequence and they will break that commandment every day. In my opinion, there is not in this universe a greater cause for amazement than God's forbearance and patience with the blasphemer. Oh, profanity comes either from a depraved heart, or shows that a

blasphemer has the scorn and contempt of God.

When a man swears, he has tagged himself. There is no street-car, no factory, no shop, no camp, no college, no place that seems to be free from the plague. The motorman swears at the motor. The engineer damns the engine. The fireman curses the fires. Boys swear at their lessons. Ball players curse the umpire. Merchants curse the clerks. Employers swear at the boss. The boss swears at them. The fisherman curses his hooks. The traveling man damns because the train is late, or his meals are late, or there is no water in the pitcher. Sailors swear at the ropes, swear at the wind. Farmers damn the cattle and curse the hogs. Editors swear at reporters and reporters damn editors. Policemen swear at their chief. Oh, my, what a foolish habit it is!

Can you show me where profanity every helps anybody? Did the stone you stumble over get out of your way when you cursed? Did the wind stop blowing because you cursed it for blowing your hat off? Does your wife love you more after you have given her a cursing? Does your employee work harder for you after you have damned him for a half hour? No!

Did the blood stop flowing after you cursed the knife for cutting your fingers? No! Some of you

(Continued on page 10)

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London's Crusade--

(Continued from page 2)

straightly of what Christ meant to him, but was applauded when he finished. The meetings proved to be well worth while.

On other days the evangelist had opportunities to meet leaders of Christian work. Members of the Baptist Union Council entertained him to lunch on Monday, and on Tuesday he addressed the Federation of London Christian Unions, meeting in St. Stephen's Walbrook.

As we have already indicated the Harringay Arena was filled to capacity every evening, and on most nights, allowing for some who were standing, about 12,000 people were present. Each service followed the accustomed pattern with hymns beautifully rendered by the choir, while Mr. George Beverly Shea and Mr. Carlton Booth have given messages in song. Mr. Cliff Barrows' tactful leadership has created a worshipful and expectant atmosphere for Dr. Graham's spoken messages.

Broadcast Address

The first part of Wednesday's programme was broadcast to the United States for re-diffusion on the following Sunday. On this occasion he delivered a powerful appeal for whole-hearted surrender to Christ, based on the excuses mentioned in Luke 9:57-62...

Thursday evening's subject was entitled: "A Rude Awakening." It was the story of the conversion of the Philippian jailer, in Acts 16...

The New Birth

Dr. Graham is greatly attracted to the Gospel of John, and he returned to it again on Friday night

when his subject was the New Birth...

Manasseh

About 5,500 people, it was estimated, gathered for the first meeting on Saturday afternoon, when Dr. Graham spoke on the Rich Young Ruler. Then at the 4:30 meeting, when fully 8,000 assembled, Dr. Graham's theme was Manasseh, "one of the wickedest men that ever lived," based on II Chronicles 33...

The crowd which filled the arena for the third meeting on Saturday came from all parts of the country by coach and special train. As the service began with the singing of "And can it be," there was a sense of high expectancy. Mr. Cliff Barrows almost immediately invited the contingent of several hundreds from Wales to sing in their own tongue in praise of the Saviour, and the fervour of the hymn which followed was a great inspiration.

The Scriptures were read by Dr. Grady Wilson and prayer was offered by Rev. John R. W. Stott, of All Souls', Langham-place. Two solos were sung with deep feeling by Beverly Shea, and the choir gave a magnificent rendering of "My Anchor Holds."

The famous American footballer, Don Moomaw, was then introduced to the audience and gave his testimony. It was, he said, a much greater thrill to him to be standing in such a meeting to speak of his Saviour, than it was to receive the applause of vast crowds on the football field.

Before delivering his message, Dr. Graham stated that the 25,000

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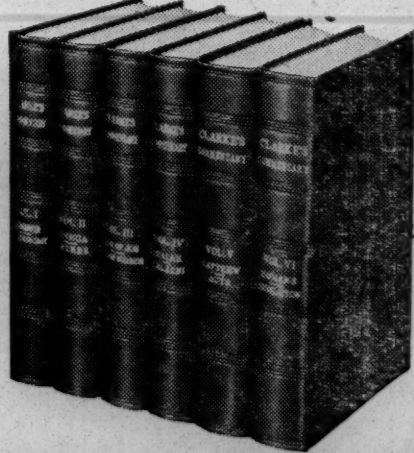
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Safety First in America

(Continued from page 9)

don't deliberately intend to do it. Some of you are kind-hearted; you just don't realize how it cuts into the hearts of people to have you cuss. You have a mother, haven't you? Yes. You have a wife, or sister, or daughter whom you fondly love and cherish. Suppose you heard some man vilify her name. Wouldn't your blood boil if you heard somebody damn your mother, or sister, or wife? Don't you suppose the blood of a Christian boils when he hears you damn and cuss his best Friend?

When you damn and cuss God, you are damning the best Friend you have. All the evil that comes to you, comes from the Devil. If you want to cuss anybody, cuss the Devil, don't cuss God. All the trouble comes from the Devil; God wants you to be good. A man is mighty low-down if he would cuss his mother. Better than your mother, your wife and children, is God. A man must be low-down when he turns around and cusses God who wants to keep him out of Hell.

IV. "Remember the Sabbath Day, to Keep It Holy"

(Editor's Note: We believe that, strictly speaking, the Sabbath is Jewish and ceremonial law. We believe Sunday, the Lord's day, is observed voluntarily as a matter of grace, not of law, and is a reminder of the resurrection of Christ on the first day of the week, and of the eternal Sabbath of rest that awaits Christians. While we do not find Sunday called "the Sabbath" in the Bible, we do believe that men need to observe the Lord's day as a day of rest and worship. Now continue Mr. Sunday's message.)

To the Jews it was the seventh day, commemorating the old creation. One of the best evidences of the resurrection of Jesus Christ is the fact that Peter, James, John and Paul changed from keeping the seventh day to keeping the first day of the week. Without rebellion, from that day to this we have kept the first day, because Jesus Christ arose, and we have kept the first day commemorating the Christian era. They keep the seventh day commemorating the old Jewish era. But that is past. We are keeping the first day of the week and God has honored every Christian who has kept it from that day to this.

Oh, how much Sabbath-breaking is done in the country! The Sabbath was made for man, and man ought to have the Sabbath day. Your suit of clothes or your shoes or your house was made for you. The Sabbath was made for man. Man ought to have it. Society ought to allow him to have it.

The Sabbath gives men a permit once a week to come out of the office and shop and grind; gives a leave of absence; says to the miner, "Blow out your lamp and come up out of the mine." Says to the miser, "Stop counting money and weighing it." Says to the banker, "Lock your bankbooks and go away." Says to the lawyer, "Stop pleading." Says to the physician, "Drop your scalpel." Sabbath was made for man; it is a gift, a present from God to man. "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

I tell you another thing: Our theatres are turned loose on the Sabbath, saloons are open, amusement parks run. Oh, sir, you put a red flag on a track and the engineer will flatten every wheel before he will run by it, although there may be nothing but a ten-penny nail on the rail! It means danger to him. Flash a red light in front of him and he will stop that train, all right.

God Almighty stands waving the danger signals, but we shut our eyes. We have stopped our ears and are rushing like stampeding cattle on down toward Hell. There has been a fearful letting down in this country in the past twenty-five years. God Almighty never repealed the law. When you give up the Sabbath, then you give up the church, then the home or nation. That land or nation or individual is undermining God's favor when it sneers or blasphemes at the Sabbath day.

If winter should continue two years, we would starve to death. So God sends us spring, summer, autumn and winter with the regular time of a clock. You show me a man who breaks the Sabbath and I will show you a man who will break every other day. The man who has the most respect for

God's law will have the most respect for man's law.

Macaulay said, "If the Sabbath had not been observed as the day of rest in England, they would have been 350 years behind in their civilization."

Blackstone said, "Corruption of morals always follows the profanation of the Sabbath day."

Adam Smith said, "As a political institution, the Sabbath is of inestimable value."

Justice MacLean said, "If there is no Sabbath, there will be no morals, and without morals there can be no free institutions in America. A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content, health and joys for tomorrow." But "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

My subject tonight is, "Safety First for America."

V. "Honour Thy Father and Thy Mother: That Thy Days May Be Long Upon the Land Which the Lord Thy God Giveth Thee"

The young man or woman who is ashamed of his father or mother because he or she does not look beautiful, is a fool. If your mother thought more of herself and less of you, she might be fairer and fresher than she is today, for she was once as good looking as you imagine yourself today. And you might be proud to have your friends meet her.

She made her old dress over and cut it on a new bias because she couldn't afford to buy a new one. She is wearing her winter hat summer and winter, and those wrinkles in her face are all seals of love for you, my girl.

If your father doesn't appear as well as you would like him to, don't get worried. You blush. Well, the old man earned the money to build the house. But, my boy, remember that bent form, remember those hard hands, remember those bronzed cheeks tell of his kindness, unselfishness, sacrifices made to educate you and give you a home and a good start in the world so that when he is gone, you will not have to work as hard as he did. He will give you fifty years the start.

When you look upon your father's white hair, or his wrinkled face, when you see his slow step and you take his quivering, faltering hand, be proud of him. Those are love marks, those are jewels in his crown of love for you.

A young man came up to me one time in Woodstock, Illinois, and said, "Thank you for one thing you said. I am an only child. My mother washes for a living. I am working for a living and have saved \$450. After hearing you, I have written my mother a letter. I went down and drew out half of my money."

I read the letter and the tears trickled down my cheeks. I said to him, "I can see success written all over you in capital letters."

It said something like this, "Mother, I am ashamed of the way I have treated you. Give up your washboard, I have earnings enough to take care of you. I am enclosing you a check for \$225 which represents half of what I have saved."

"Honor your father and your mother." I will tell you, when Garfield was inaugurated as President, after he had taken the oath of office and before he started to deliver his address, he turned, threw his arms around a little frail woman who sat behind him—his mother. Did you think any less of him because he kissed the one who had made it possible for him to live in the White House?

I preached in Canton, Ohio, and for a week I went five times a day past McKinley's old home; past Judge Day's home; past the home of United States Senator Pomerene who lives up there on the same street. They asked me to deliver the memorial address, which I did.

When the Spanish-American war was resting heavily upon the shoulders of McKinley, his mother lay very sick in the old home in Canton. He then had a private wire from her bedside into the White House and was kept posted every few minutes, day and night.

He didn't want to leave unless it was absolutely necessary.

The Pennsylvania Railroad had a train waiting there in the depot with the best engine and crew for the run, not knowing what minute they might have to leave.

"She kept saying, 'Why doesn't William come?'"

By and by the doctor said, "She is getting worse; you had better tell him to come."

It flashed over the wire, and he sent back that message which has become embalmed in the hearts of the American people, "Tell Mother I'll be there."

He jumped on the special train, and rushed to Canton. My friend, the mayor had cleared the streets, stopped all traffic. They had the keen thoroughbreds hitched to the rubber-tired carriage standing in front of the depot. When the train stopped, he leaped into it, and down the streets they went on a dead run. The sparks flew from their hoofs as they struck the pavement. They turned the corner by the county courthouse and east into Market Street. He leaped out and was soon in his mother's arms. She kissed him and said to him: "William, I knew you would come if you only knew how sick your mother was."

Did you think any less of him because he did? If you do, you are some low-down thing. I wouldn't spit on you.

Don't carve on my tomb any word of fame,

Or a wheel with the missing spokes,

Simply let the marble tell my name,

Then add, "He was good to his folks."

"Honor your father and your mother."

VI. "Thou Shalt Not Kill"

You say, "We are right here, Bill; we never murdered anybody." There are ways of killing without sticking your dagger into somebody's heart. Many a husband is killing his wife because she has learned that he is false to the marriage vow. Many a wife is killing her husband because he has learned she is living a double life.

Many a boy is sending a father and mother to a premature grave because they have learned that he is going down the line and is forming bad habits. "Honour thy father and thy mother."

A fellow came to me one time and I said to him, "Why don't you give your heart to God?"

"Bill, I don't believe the way you do. I believe everybody will be saved. What would happen to me if I'd die now?"

I said, "If half of what I heard about you were true, if you died now you would be in Hell before midnight, and it is now ten minutes past nine."

I preached in a town in Illinois one time and a woman came down the aisle. I heard the rustle of her silks. She came up scintillating with jewels. She said, "Mr. Sunday, you are going to preach to men only on Sunday afternoon?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you say anything about men being false to their wives?"

"Yes, ma'am, I make a few remarks along that line."

"Do you make it plain?"

"Lady, when I am through you needn't appoint a committee to find out what I am talking about."

She said, "Mr. Sunday, it is not egotism. I have \$5,000 a year for pin money. I have unlimited accounts at Marshall Field, at Peacock's and at Spaulding, the jewelers. I can go buy anything I want, my husband will pay for it. But, Mr. Sunday, a woman's heart craves something besides jewels, fine clothes and a retinue of servants. I wish you'd make it plain."

I said, "Sister, I will begin to talk about half past two. You go home, get down on your knees, lock the door and pray while I knock down, skin, and drag out."

And if God ever gave liberty to mortal man, He did to me!

"Thou shalt not kill." He wasn't shooting her, but she was going to a premature grave.

VII. "Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery"

Oh, this is no time or place to speak of it! I know of no sin against which God Almighty rails more. Oh, that sin caused God to drown the world with a flood; that sin caused God to blot Sodom

and Gomorrah from the earth; that sin caused God to blot Pompeii and Herculaneum from the earth!

Many a husband will turn away from a wife and a wife from a husband. I think the most good-for-nothing, God-forsaken, monte bank and marplot, and triple extract of infamy rot and degeneration is the man who is false to his marriage vows, or the woman who is false to hers. "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

VIII. "Thou Shalt Not Steal"

The man is a thief who takes that for which he does not give an adequate return, in property or money or work. A man is a thief when he sells under false representations. A man is a thief when he says, "That is all wool," when it is half cotton. He is a thief when he says, "That was imported," when it was made in Pittsburgh, or Cleveland, or Chicago.

An employer is a thief if he takes advantage of the necessities of the poor and pays his employees starvation wages and makes them live below the hunger line. A laborer is a thief if he soldiers and doesn't give honest work to his employer for the wages he pays him.

A gambler who beats and wins is a thief. If he beats and loses, he is a fool. So every gambler is either a fool or a thief, or both. If a church runs a lottery, that church is a dirty, low thief. As a rule, the man who steals a million stands a better chance of keeping out of the penitentiary than the fellow who steals a hundred thousand. So true has that become that a friend of mine suggested that we make that commandment read, "Thou shalt not steal on a small scale."

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." "Safety First for America."

IX. "Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness Against Thy Neighbor"

You say: "Bill, I have never been in court."

Somebody tells something derogatory about another and does not stop to find out whether what he said was true or not. You begin to tell it around the street to others and you say: "Have you heard the latest? Oh, it is rich and rare and racy!"

"Have you heard the story about Mrs. Jones?"

"No, I haven't."

"Poor soul, I feel so sorry for her"—you are a liar. If you felt sorry, you would keep your old mouth shut.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Don't you know some of the lies that you told about me before I came to town? You know there are multitudes of people who are past masters and adepts at criticizing others. They are like a young lady whose friend asked her, "Can you sew?" and who said: "No, but I can rip up beautifully."

A Spanish proverb says: "If our faults were written on our foreheads, we would all go around with our hats over our eyes."

What are your neighbor's shortcomings to you? Your faults that you think hidden may stand out as plainly as the scandal you are talking about. And your trifling faults may seem just as black and may set people talking behind your back.

Ambuscade may be legitimate in warfare, but in dealing with your neighbor's faults, it is cowardly. Leave your ambuscade and come into the open. Don't try to divert attention from your rotten life by throwing mud at somebody else.

The Spanish proverb says: "Whoever spits against the wind spits in his own face."

In other words, you will get it where Queen Elizabeth wore the ruff.

One of the besetting sins of nearly every community is gossip.

Stop your prattling, stop your tattling,

Tales you know to be untrue.

Stop your idle talk and bridle well Your tongue the whole week through.

One man or woman to set on fire this hellish thing, can keep a whole neighborhood in an uproar.

Oh, gossip sets husbands to quarreling with their wives; wives with

their husbands. It makes men suspicious of their wives; wives suspicious of their husbands. I have more respect for the poor, old hag, an outcast, going to Hell under the gas light of the city than I have for the member of so-called respectable society who, under the cover of that damnable business, will assassinate the character of others. A breath of scandal, sweeping the community, murders the reputation of men and women and causes tears of anguish.

Shun the talebearer, the tattler, the gossip; shun these buzzing-pests of society!

An old philosopher was right when he said, "Those who listen to slander would, if I had my way, be hanged; the tattlers by their tongues, and the listeners by their ears."

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

There is only one who is worse than the slanderer, and that is the man or woman who will listen to the slanderer without protest. The receiver of stolen goods is as guilty before the law as the fellow who stole the goods. When you sit and listen without protest, you are as black-hearted as the one who told you. The fence is as guilty as the thief.

I believe that story false that ought not to be true. When you were a kid, did you ever play the game of gossip? We used to line up on the road. The first would whisper to the one next to him; that one would whisper to the one next to him—and on down the line. The one to whom it was told last would get up and repeat it. Then it would be compared with the original. After a story or a sentence had filtered through the minds of twenty or thirty people, you would be dumbfounded to discover that there would be little or no resemblance to the original. When a story starts, it is like a snowball.

Hear as little as possible that is to the prejudice of others; believe nothing true—well, until you are absolutely forced to do it. Always moderate what you hear about others. And remember that there are two sides to everything. If you would hear the other side, you would have a different opinion than that you have by hearing one. There are two sides to everything on earth.

X. "Thou Shalt Not Covet"

The law covers the desire for a thing as well as the stealing of the thing. And I think one of the meanest traits of character is covetousness.

We live in a testing world. Before Uncle Sam will accept a battleship she has to stand the test of speed, at forced gravity, for some hours. Before he will accept a cannon, she has to be tried. We have to stand physical examinations, mental examinations, all through. Oh, most of the divorces and the wreckage which follows come from coveting! That fellow wants that other fellow's wife! That woman wants that other woman's husband! On it goes. It comes from coveting. "Thou shalt not covet."

Cardinal Gibbons, in an article not long ago, said, "Divorce is becoming so prevalent that marriage is becoming little better than a system of free love."

People nowadays are too much bent on pleasure. The divorce evil is caused from the false, loose interpretations of the Gospel. Every one of the Gospels are opposed to it.

One reason divorce is on the increase is the attitude people take toward divorced persons. The family is a social unit, and the social life is a reflection of the family life. I know what the family life is by what the social life is, for the social life simply reflects what the family life is.

Now, then, if by some miracle every unhappy married couple could be caused to disregard their children and their claims, I think, tens of thousands of applications for divorce would be filed. And if the present ratio of the increase of crime, desertion, drunkenness and divorce continues, the American home is going to sound the depths of Hell.

Over in Virginia a young man had everything that an indulgent father could give him. In school he changed books for wine, cards and

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Are You Going to Hell?

(Continued from page 1)

to destroy both soul and body in hell."—Matt. 10:28.

"And if thy hand offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched: Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. And if thy foot offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter into life, than having two feet to be cast into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched: Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out: it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire: Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."—Mark 9:43-48.

"And in hell he lift up his eyes."—Luke 16:23.

It causes me to shudder as I read these and many other passages and realize the awful fact of Hell. Jesus Himself again and again warned of its existence and terrible nature. Jesus died on the cross to save me from Hell. Hell is a real place and I must believe it because I believe the Bible. I believe Jesus knew what He was talking about. I believe He died on the cross because it was the only way souls could be saved from Hell. Hell is a horrible, eternal reality.

The Bible teaches:

II. The Kind of Place Hell Is

1. A Place of Everlasting Fire

"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."—Matt. 25:41.

"And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever: and they have no rest day nor night."—Rev. 14:11.

Regardless of the opinions of unbelievers or of unbelieving Bible teachers, the Bible plainly teaches that the fire in Hell is everlasting; it never goes out. It will never, never cease to burn. Those in Hell will never be consumed, will never be freed from burning torment. How awful such a state will be. The eternal ages roll on and on, but there will never be any hope for the one lost in sin.

2. A Place of Torment

"Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame."—Luke 16:24.

Jesus repeated the pleadings of the rich man that we might know that Hell is a place of intense torture and suffering. He gave His life that we might escape the torment of Hell. He knew the real nature of Hell and He often warned of the terrible torment.

"The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; And shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."—Matt. 13:41, 42.

3. A Place of Outer Darkness

Jesus is the light of the world and He will be the light of Heaven for eternity.

"I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John 8:12.

"The glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. 21:23.

All who die in sin will be forever thrust away from the light into complete outer darkness.

"Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."—Matt. 22:13.

"And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."—Matt. 25:30.

What a terrible condition this will be where not one ray of light will ever enter and no star of hope will ever gleam. Absolutely nothing but oppressive, realistic, nerve-shattering, soul-blighting darkness. Think, my lost friend, of your eternal prospect if you die in sin.

"Banished from God and loved ones and light, Suffering the tortures of Hell's darkest night."

4. A Place of No Return

"I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house: For I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment."—Luke 16:27-28.

This man realized that he could not go back to warn his own brothers. He knew if they came to this place of awful, horrible torment they would never get out. After the soul reaches Hell it is too late to be warned. Take warning now, those of you who are unsaved, those of you who laugh and scoff at Hell. Five minutes after you die you will not be laughing and scoffing in Hell. There is no return from the flaming chambers of the doomed and damned. The only time the warning can be of any avail is in this life. After the roaring, swift-moving train bears down on you and hurls you into a mass of wreckage, it will be too late to read the warning at the crossing.

This man became missionary-minded in Hell. He had no time for missions in life, neither home nor foreign. Now he wants someone to go warn his five brothers. "Dead men tell no tales." The living must support and proclaim the message. Some who read this may not believe in missions either. You may not gladly give to the support of the Lord's work, but when you die you will want the use of a church and the services of a preacher for your funeral. Some are very stingy when it comes to supporting the work of the Lord. Some churches expect their pastor to live on a shoestring and sleep on a clothesline and they will criticize him if he falls off. I have known of churches who, as another has well said, didn't pay the pastor enough "to buy oats for a nightmare." This man would have given all his wealth for someone to warn his brothers, but he couldn't do it. You will be just as helpless after you die. Give of your means now to spread the Gospel message everywhere. Attend and support a Bible-believing church and a Gospel-preaching, Christ-exalting pastor. Don't be afraid of paying a godly pastor too much. He will give sacrificially to the work of the Lord anyhow, and will probably put it where it will do the most good. Whenever you hear people complaining that the pastor is getting too much, make a motion that his salary be raised ten or twenty-five dollars a week; that will be a sure way to stop the gripes. Let's let God use us while we live.

"Only one life, 'twill soon be past; Only what's done for Christ will last."

5. A Place of Vile Companions

"But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and

sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."—Rev. 21:8.

Do you want to spend eternity with these people? Yet by your daily life away from God you are preparing yourself for an eternity with ungodly associates. Their terrible characteristics are described in Romans 1:29-32:

"Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, Without understanding, covenantbreakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful: Who knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them."

Imagine having to listen to the foul language of the abominable, the adulterer and all those who are in Hell because they lived only to gratify the lusts of the flesh. Imagine having to listen to the soul-searing screams of the drunkard as he fights with the serpents of delirium tremens.

I saw a poor drunkard woman on Clark Street in Chicago who was fighting off the snakes which she thought were choking her to death. It was the most horrifying sight I have ever seen.

All those in Hell will be there in their sins.

"There he comes up out of the graveyard—the drunkard, the blotches of his body flaming out in worse disfigurement, and his tongue bitten by an all-consuming thirst for drink, which he cannot get, for there are no dram-shops in Hell. There comes up the lascivious and unclean wretch, reeking with the filth which made him the horror of the hospitals, now wriggling across cemetery lots, the consternation of the devils. Here all the faces of the unpardonable dead. The last line of attractiveness is dashed out, and the eye is wild, malignant, fierce, infernal; the cheek aflame, the mouth distorted with blasphemies. If the glance of the faces of the righteous was like a new morning, the glance of the lost will be like another night falling on midnight." So says T. DeWitt Talmage.

Why should anyone choose such awful companions in preference to the lovely Lord Jesus and those

who have been cleansed from all sin through faith in His Name?

"To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins."—Acts 10:43.

Are you going to Hell? Are you traveling the broad way to eternal destruction? Stop and think. Jesus died to save you from Hell. Won't you heed His call to you? Won't you heed His warning?

Dr. Robert G. Lee tells an interesting story in one of his books. He says that

"Some years ago the Grand Trunk Line railroad, knowing the danger that ever threatened and the death that was sure when the massive juggernauts of steel and steam called trains came into collision with public or private vehicles at railroad crossings, offered a prize of twenty-five hundred dollars to the person who would suggest the best three words to be used as warning words at railroad crossings. The person wise enough and fortunate enough to win the twenty-five hundred dollars offered these three words which you have often seen: 'Stop! Look! Listen!'"

"But these words, though they cost \$833.33 a word, avail nothing for the safety of those cross-

(Continued on page 12)

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Safety First in America

(Continued from page 10)

cigarettes. He married a beautiful girl, later shot her in his automobile. He died in the electric chair in Richmond, leaving a father in a desolate home, with the harrowing memories tearing at his heart. Over the life of his baby are clouds woven from the world's misfortune. He sent another woman to wander in painted shame outside of life's Eden of purity, with the barb of conscience driven into her guilty soul, spurned by a pitiless world, all because he coveted another man's wife. "Thou shalt not covet."

Look at Lord Byron. Oh, Britain's brilliant bard—he could have lived in England's glory! He could have slept with England's greatest in Westminster Abbey, but at the age of thirty-seven, when he should have been going onward and upward to great flights of glory, his heart sent out this bitter wail:

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruit of life are gone.

The worm, the canker and the grief
Are mine alone.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house." I don't blame anybody for wanting a nice house. As I have looked at the beautiful homes I have said: "My, I hope they will live for years to enjoy it!"

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his automobile, nor anything that is thy neighbors.' Don't do it!"

Jack Crawford, a friend of mine, a poet scout, who died sometime ago was down in New York years ago, and one of the New York papers asked him to write a poem about what he thought about the city.

Do I like the city, stranger?
'Tisn't likely that I could,
'Tisn't likely that a ranger
From the borders ever would.

Get accustomed to the flurry,
The loud, unearthly noise,
Everybody in a hurry,
Men, women, girls and boys.
Do I like the city?
No, I love to wander
'Mid the vales and mountains
green,

In the borderland out yonder,
Where the hand of God is seen.

If I ever live to be old, I would like to live out in the country. I am a rube of the rubes, a hayseed of the hayseeds. I would like to live out in the country near some crackin'-good town and listen to the birds. I would like to go to

Heaven from out in the country somewhere. I don't like to live in the city.

"Thou shalt not covet."

Down in North Carolina a young fellow who was going to school kept saying he was dead sure he would carry off the honors of the school. The father lived on an old farm, and he hired an old horse and carriage. The horse seemed to have several good points about him. You could hang your hat on any part of him without any trouble. He seemed to have a perpetual sign hanging out, "Oats wanted, inquire within." He came to town with his pants stuffed in his boot tops. His boy stood talking with a group. When the old fellow shuffled in, the boy said, "I wonder who that old duffer is?"

The old father was told about it. His boy seemed to be ashamed of him. Somebody saw the father untying his horse and asked, "What is the matter, Mr. Blackburn? Aren't you going to stay?"

He answered, "If my presence makes my boy feel sad, I ain't going to stay. I'm going back to make out on the farm."

When the exercises took place, instead of this young fellow receiving the honor of the class, the president of the faculty said: "It gives me honor to hand this man a diploma for his scholarship." And he handed it to another young man.

The young fellow who won the scholarship arose, left the platform, took a medal that had been given him, too, and, stooping over, pinned it on the breast of a woman. The students recognized this woman as the one who had been doing their washing. She had manicured her fingernails over the washboard to keep her boy out on the front rank and he came home with the honors. He said, "I want to give this medal to the one to whom this honor should go—my mother."

If Jesus Christ would come down that aisle, I would leave this platform or I would invite Him up here and I would say, "Friends, I want to present One to whom the honor is due. And if there is anything I have said, anything that is a help or inspiration to you, I want to present to you the One who has made it possible to help in life—Jesus Christ."

I am not worrying about the commandments I have broken—I have been forgiven for that. They have been mended by faith in Jesus Christ. But I have only come to tell you—any of you—that if you have transgressed, there is a pardon waiting for you through faith in Jesus.

Are You Going to Hell?

(Continued from page 11)

ing railroads unless they are heeded—unless people stop, unless they look, unless they listen. Destroyed vehicles, mangled bodies, blood spattered along the right of way, the wails of those loved ones who went to death in the wreck—all testify to the truth of this statement. What avails the word 'STOP' if people will not stop? What protection does the word 'LOOK' afford if people will not look? What warning does the word 'LISTEN' give if people will not listen?

6. A Place of No Happiness, No Goodness and No Purity

"The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; And shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."—Matt. 13:41, 42.

Sin in the lives of people is the dreadful thing that will send those who reject Christ to Hell. Sin is the most terrible thing in the universe. Someone has said, as I recall,

"There is no river in the universe so black, so wide, so deep, so swift as the river of sin. It sweeps through the world at flood-tide, bearing helpless souls to the lake of fire. Everlasting lightnings pencil its billowing crest with angry fire and Hell's terrific thunders bound from bank to bank. Its waters are poisonous and no flowers grow on its banks, no foliage waves in the breeze, nothing but perpetual desolation, relieved only here and there by bald rocks upon which sit weeping spirits cursing the day they were born." Sin always brings sorrow. It will result in eternal separation from all that is good and holy.

It has been expressed by a poet in this way:

*Hell! The prison house of despair,
Here are some things that won't be there:
No flowers will bloom on the banks of Hell,
No beauties of nature we love so well;
No comforts of home, music and song,
No friendship of joy will be found in that throng;
No children to brighten the long weary night;
No loving smile in that region of night;
No mercy, no pity, pardon nor grace,
No water; O God, what a terrible place!
The pangs of the lost no human can tell,
Not one moment's ease—there is no rest in Hell!*

*Hell! the Prison-house of despair,
Here are some things that will be there;
Fire and brimstone are there, we know,
For God in His Word hath told us so;
Memory, remorse, suffering and pain,
Weeping and wailing, but all in vain;
Blasphemers, swearers, haters of God,
Christ-rejectors while here on earth trod;
Murderers, gamblers, drunkards and liars,
Will have their part in the lake of fires;
The filthy, the vile, the cruel and mean,
What a horrible mob in Hell will be seen!
Yes, more than humans on earth can tell
Are the torments and woes of eternal Hell!*

—Author unknown

7. A Place of Memory

"Abraham said, Son, remember!"—Luke 16:25.

Your memory will go with you into eternity. Think what this means. Many times people go out on a drunken spree to forget. Some take drugs and some commit suicide to forget. Have you thought you could commit suicide and end it all? You will not end it all. You will leave everything behind—your loved ones, your friends, your money, even your body—but your

memory will go with you. In Hell you will realize what a fool you were to miss Heaven. You will remember how you and your unsaved friends scoffed at the idea of Hell. You will remember how little thought you gave to the need of your immortal soul. If you had a godly mother you will remember her pleadings; her hot, scalding tears will haunt you.

Then, too, you will realize what you might have been. You might have been a living testimony for God. You will see how you could have been used to win others to Christ. Those whom you helped to damn by your godless life will remind you of your part in their eternal damnation.

"You may escape in this world; in the next the heel of calamity will grind you and you will be fastened to a rock, and the vultures of despair will claw at your soul, and those whom you have destroyed will come and torment you, pouring hotter coals into your suffering, eternally rejoicing at the outcry of your pain and the howling of your damnation."—T. DeWitt Talmadge.

The Bible shows

III. The Way of Escape

Praise the Lord! You don't have to go to Hell. There is a way of escape. You can get off the road to Hell. I plead with you to do it.

1. God Has Provided a Plan of Salvation

God does not want you to go to Hell. He wants every sinner to be saved. With infinite cost God provided a way of escape.

"The Lord . . . is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—II Pet. 3:9.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3:16.

You will be to blame if you end up in Hell. You are now on the road if you are not saved. But you can get off the road; you can get onto another highway. You are not too great a sinner to be saved. Jesus said: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37).

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief" (I Tim. 1:15). If Paul, the chief of sinners, could be saved, then all others can be saved.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—I John 1:7.

2. God Has Placed Five Great Obstacles on the Road to Hell

1. The Bible.

The Bible is the greatest hindrance in the world to sin. It openly exposes and condemns sin. It makes people uneasy in sin. The Devil will do all in his power to discredit the Word of God. He will raise up modernistic preachers who will deny the truthfulness of it. He will raise up false sects such as Jehovah's Witnesses, who will deny the existence of Hell. He has struck a master blow in the new so-called Revised Standard Version of the Bible. The Devil knows the Bible is a barrier which stands between a sinner and Hell.

2. The Holy Spirit.

The Holy Spirit is the Third Person of the Trinity. He strives with you. He convicts you of sin. He pleads with you to turn to Jesus. You will have to deliberately reject the plea of the Holy Spirit if you go to Hell. He does not want you to go.

3. The prayers of His people.

Christian people are constantly praying for the salvation of the lost. Someone is praying for you. Their prayer is an obstacle on the road to Hell. Perhaps a mother is praying for you. Oh, how she longs to see you saved and become a power for God. She may have gone to Heaven but her prayers follow you still. How can you go on the way you are? Lizzie Dearmond wrote:

*I grieved my Lord from day to day,
I scorned His love so full and free,
And tho' I wandered far away,*

My Mother's prayers have followed me.

*O'er desert wild, o'er mountain high,
A wanderer I chose to be,
A wretched soul, condemned to die;
Still Mother's prayers have followed me.*

*He turned my darkness into light,
This blessed Christ of Calvary.
I'll praise His Name both day and night,
That Mother's prayers have followed me.*

4. Gospel Preaching.

Those men of God who are preaching the Gospel of Christ are mighty obstacles on the road to Hell. If you go to Hell you will have to go in spite of the mighty, transforming power of a gospel sermon. They have been used of God to win many a poor soul to Christ. It is God's plan.

"It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe."—I Cor. 1:21.

5. The Cross of Jesus.

Christ died for you. He died that you might live. He wants you to be saved. He does not want you to go to Hell.

I remember reading the story of a father who had a worthless son. The son had no honor. He was only interested in making money. It did not matter to him how he made it, just so he made it. He decided to sell liquor. The father tried in every way to keep him from it. He pled with him not to disgrace the family name by going into that business. The son would not listen, so he secured a building and began to stock it with liquor.

When the day arrived for the opening, the heart-broken father stood outside the saloon and urged every person who approached not to go inside.

The son looked out and saw the father turning away prospective customers. He came outside and said, "Father, go home. You are hurting my business. Get away from the front of my saloon."

The father answered, "Son, I am going to stay here and warn every man that comes along not to go in and drink. My name is over the door and I will not have my name dishonored by this business, and if you are determined to run a saloon, I will do my best to keep men from coming in."

The son was so angry that he struck his father in the face with his clenched fist. The blood began to trickle down his face and turning to his son he said, "Son, you can strike me if you will, and kill me if you like, but no man can enter this saloon with my name over it, unless he enters over my dead body."

If you go to Hell you will have to go by the blood-stained cross of Christ.

Perhaps someone objects, saying: "I don't believe in Hell."

I must reply that I do believe in a literal, burning, eternal Hell.

I believe it because:

I believe the Bible.

I believe the prophets and apostles told the truth.

I believe Jesus told the truth.

I believe the Bible is trustworthy.

I believe holy men of old spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit.

I believe all Scripture was given by inspiration of God.

If there is no Hell, then there is no Heaven.

One of the most vivid descriptions of the future condition of the lost is found in Pollock's "Course of Time." The following is an excerpt from it.

*Through all that dungeon of un-fading fire
I saw most miserable beings walk,
Burning continually, yet unconsumed,
Forever wasting yet enduring still,
Dying perpetually, yet never dead,
Some wandered lonely, in the desert flames
With curses loud, and blasphemies
That made the cheek of darkness pale,
And as they fought and cursed
And gnashed their teeth and wished to die—
Their hollow eyes did utter streams of woe,
And there were groans that ended not,
And sighs that always sighed*

*And tears that ever wept and ever fell,
But not in mercy's sight.*

And sorrow, and repentance and despair

Among them walks, and to their thirsty lips

Presented frequent cups of burning gall;

And as I listened, I heard these beings

Curse Almighty God and curse the Lamb,

And curse the earth, the Resurrected Morn;

And seek and vainly seek for utter death,

And to their everlasting anguish still

The thunders from above responding spoke

These words, which, through the caverns of

Perdition forlornly echoing, fell on every ear:

"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."


I remember reading the following story. I close with it.

One time there lived in Brooklyn, New York, a young widow with a baby girl. While she was gone for groceries one day the apartment house in which she lived caught on fire. When she came down the street and saw the flames, she dropped her groceries and ran screaming into the building before anyone could stop her. She ran up the stairs and into her apartment. She ran to the baby's crib and quickly wrapped the little one in a blanket, then ran down the stairs through the flames, staggered and fell in the street. They carried her, horribly

burned, to the hospital. For weeks it seemed her next breath would be her last. At last the will to live conquered and she began to get well. After long months in the hospital the day came to leave. They knew nothing of plastic surgery in those days so the burns had left livid scars. Before leaving she asked for a mirror and when she saw the terrible scars on her face she fell back on the bed in a faint. Then pulling herself together, she said, "When my little girl looks at these scars, she will know I got them saving her."

Several years went by. The little baby grew into a beautiful, popular young lady. After graduating from high school, the senior class went on a picnic up the Hudson River. The mother went along and was tending the baskets in the rear of the boat. For some reason or other the mother had to go to the front of the boat. On the way she passed a group in which her daughter was the center of attraction. A young man was heard to ask, "Who is that horrible looking creature?" In tones that were low, but not too low for the mother to hear, the daughter said, "I don't know her."

Listen! Jesus has scars. The scars that the thorns left on His brow, the scars the nails made in His hands and feet, the scar the spear made in His side. He received them saving you. Do you know Him? Won't you accept Him now and thank Him with a surrendered life for braving the flames of Hell for you. May God grant that you will here and now trust Jesus to save your soul.



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